

The Sketch

No. 1113.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



THE USUAL HAPPY ENDING! MR. J. L. C. JENKINS, THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (RIGHT), CONGRATULATED BY MR. C. O. HEZLET, THE RUNNER-UP, AFTER HIS VICTORY.

Mr. James L. C. Jenkins, of Troon, won the final of the British Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich, beating Mr. C. O. Hezlet, of Royal Portrush, by 3 and 2. Before this victory, Mr. Jenkins had, of course, played much very good golf, especially when he was opposed to Mr. H. H. Hilton at Prestwick in 1911, but, otherwise, it cannot be said that he was a favourite for the event. Mr. Jenkins,

who is plus 4 at Troon, reached the sixth round of the Amateur Championship in 1911 and in 1913; played for Scotland versus England in 1908 and 1912; and was semi-finalist in the Irish Championship of 1911. He lives at Cambuslang. He was born in 1883, and is a member of a famous Troon golfing family. His sister was Scottish Lady Champion.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

"THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL."

Scene—A Club.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: 'Lo, old sport.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: 'Lo, old son.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Looking at the pretty pictures, dear old sport?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Reading, dear old son.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Tell me, why read?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: It's a way of gaining information, you know.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Must one gain information?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Not necessarily. This particular information, however, appears to be worth gaining.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: May one batten on the fruits of your horrid mental exercise?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: One may, dear son. There's going to be a Ball.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Really? Any particular time?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Midnight, I gather.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Good. Any particular date?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: June 25, I gather. That is to say, one gets there on June 25, and the Ball begins in the first hour of June 26.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: That seems tolerably clear. Any particular place?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: The Savoy, it seems.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: That's on the beat, I believe?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Plumb.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Any particular reason for this affair?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Quite a reason, old son. It's for the benefit of the National Institute for the Blind.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Good egg. Whatever you like to put up, old sport, I double it.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Why not go?

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: I hardly grasp your meaning.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Why not go to the Ball?

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: My dear Arthur, you really must beware of these brain-waves. Dangerous in the hot weather, y'know.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: This is where my study of the Press gives me the advantage of you, Reggie. This will be no ordinary Ball.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: I am relieved. I feared, for one dreadful moment, that it might be one of those terrible things called a "Revel."

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Oh, dear, no. Calm yourself, Reginald. The feature of this Ball is that you stand a very good chance of being pressed to accept a motor-car worth six hundred.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: What?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Pounds.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: My dear Arthur, let me warn you that I am not at all strong to-day. Promise me that you won't again try to be amusing.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: I never do. You should know me better than that. Take *The Sketch*. Look for yourself at the picture of the car.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: That's a useful little vehicle. Are the tickets six hundred pounds apiece?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: That would scarcely be a gift, old son. The tickets, at the moment of speaking, are four guineas apiece. What they will be before the night, one dare not guess.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: And may one go to the Ball for this absurd sum?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: One may go to the Ball, and one may sup, and one may quaff an unlimited quantity of champagne.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Heaven forbid! Those days are over, my dear Arthur.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: There are still the nights.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: True. But tell me. Who will staunch the tears of those who do not receive this pretty present of a car?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: The Editor of *The Sketch* and his colleagues appear to have thought of that. The car is not the only present—oh, dear, no. There are to be gowns worth fifty guineas apiece. There is to be a cabinet of cigars worth forty pounds. There is to be much gold and silver from a famous jeweller. There is to be a gramophone. You may be presented with two tickets for a tour, or, failing that, a fifty-guinea clock. You may be clothed free for a whole year.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Wait!

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: You are ill!

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Merely a slight swoon! Oh, my tailor and haberdasher! But continue, Arthur—slowly.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: You may have a fifty-guinea "plunge"—whatever that may mean—in the Sports Coat Department of a famous house. You may have a box at the Empire. You may have a fifty-guinea dressing-bag. You may—

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Tell me no more. I can bear no more. I see through the whole horrible plot. I must dress myself as a lighthouse to secure one of these gifts. Well, I decline.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Nothing of the sort. There, again, I have the advantage of you. A domino will do, or a Venetian cloak, or something simple of that sort, and they will be for hire at the entrance. That is quite a noble idea.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: I agree that somebody must have had a splendid brain-wave. But tell me, Arthur. When must I make up my mind to all this excitement?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Why not now, and get it over?

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: And you?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Mine is made up.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: You are going?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: I am.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: You have applied for your ticket?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: I am on the point of doing so. But I shall apply for two.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: That is very noble of you, Arthur. I shall accept the second with—

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: You will do nothing of the kind, Reggie. The second is for Julie. But, whilst I am writing my cheque, I will make it for sixteen guineas, if you like, and get four.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Pray do so, my strenuous pet. I will even address the necessary envelope.

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: This is a hard day.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: It is, indeed. To whom shall I address it? Is there any particular secretary?

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: I discovered the name of a lady. Let me look again. Yes, I have it. Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: It is even written. Phew! Waiter!

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: Thanks. A reminiscence of far Manhattan, well shaken.

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: Twice, waiter. . . .

SECOND LANGUID FELLOW: To the Ball!

FIRST LANGUID FELLOW: And may the car be mine. Failing that, yours. Chin.

THE LADY ISAACS OF OTHER DAYS: THE WIFE OF THE L.C.J.



MARRIED TO LORD READING (THEN MR. RUFUS ISAACS) IN 1887: LADY READING.

Lady Reading, wife of the Lord Chief Justice of England, was known before her marriage, which took place in 1887, as Miss Alice Edith Cohen, daughter of Mr. Albert Cohen, merchant, of London. It was in the very year of her wedding that the present Lord Chief Justice, then Mr. Rufus Isaacs, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

Lord and Lady Reading have one son, Gerald.

Photograph by Walton Adams.

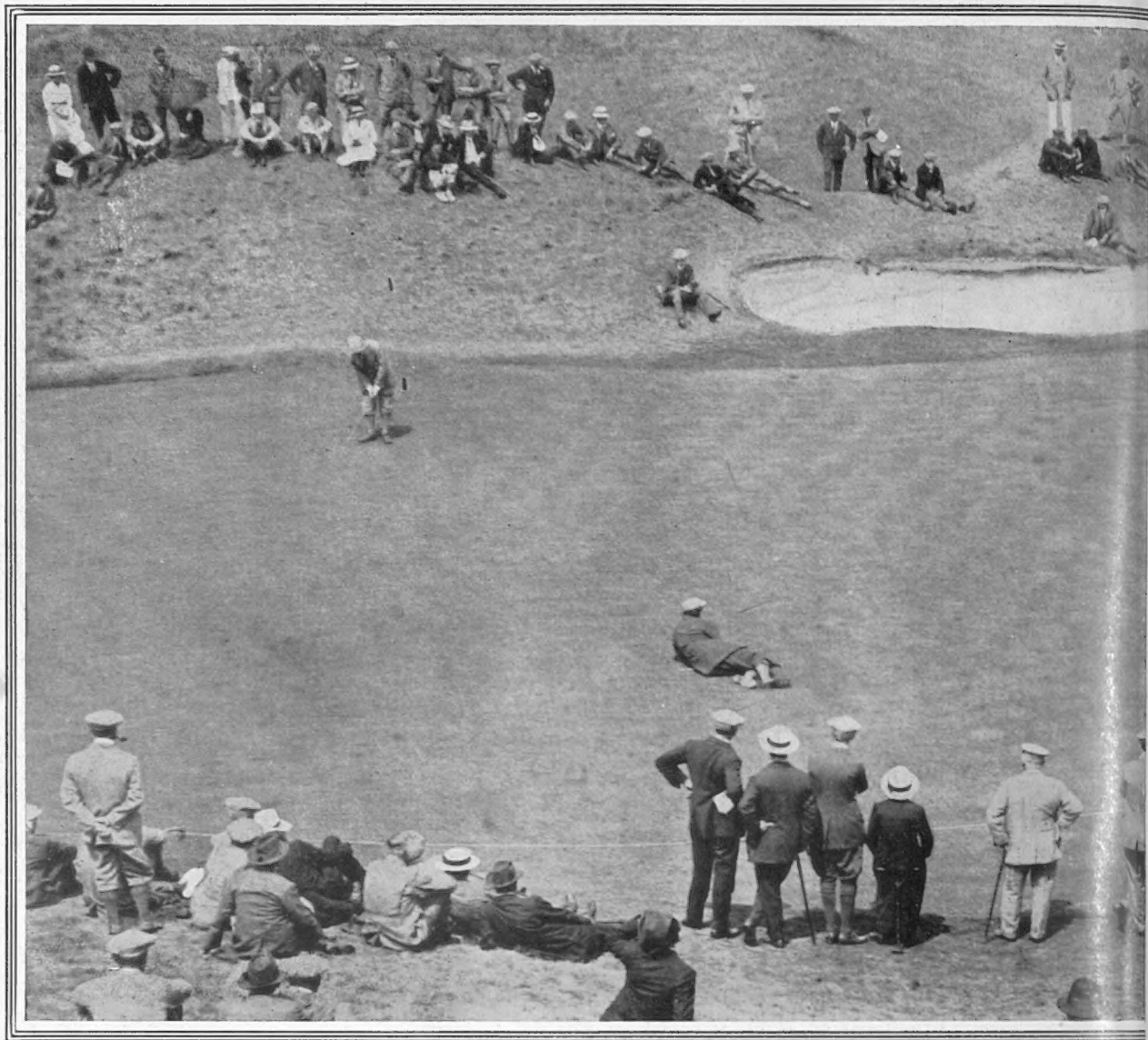
A CHAMPIONSHIP OF SURPRISES: THE GREAT AMATEUR



MR. CHARLES A. PALMER, WHO BEAT
MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS.



MR. "CHICK" EVANS; AND MR. C. B.
MACFARLANE, HIS DEFEATER.



A REMARKABLE INCIDENT ON THE SIXTH GREEN DURING THE MATCH BETWEEN MR. H. H. HILTON,
A TEN-YARD



MR. R. P. HUMPHRIES, WHO WAS BEATEN
BY MR. C. O. HEZLET.



MR. C. O. HEZLET, RUNNER-UP IN THE AMATEUR
CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE DEFEAT OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPION:
WHO BEAT

The Amateur Golf Championship of 1914 provided much "copy" for the papers, in the shape of several surprises. The first was when Mr. C. A. Palmer, of Handsworth, the Irish Open Champion, beat Mr. Jerome D. Travers, Amateur Champion of the United States, by two holes. Later, Mr. Palmer was beaten by Mr. F. C. Carr, of Handsworth, at the nineteenth hole. In the second round, Mr. H. S. B. Tubbs, of Littlestone, beat Mr. Francis Ouimet, the United States Open Champion, by two holes. Later, Mr. Tubbs was beaten by Mr. H. C. Ellis, of the Royal and Ancient, by two holes. Mr. "Chick" Evans was beaten by Mr. C. B. Macfarlane, of Bushey Hall, by four and two. During his match against Mr. Evans, Mr. Macfarlane played some remarkable

Photographs by Sport and General, Topical

CONTEST AT SANDWICH—PLAYERS WHO PROVIDED “COPY.”



THE HOLDER OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, AND MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL: MR. BLACKWELL HOLING PUTT FOR TWO.



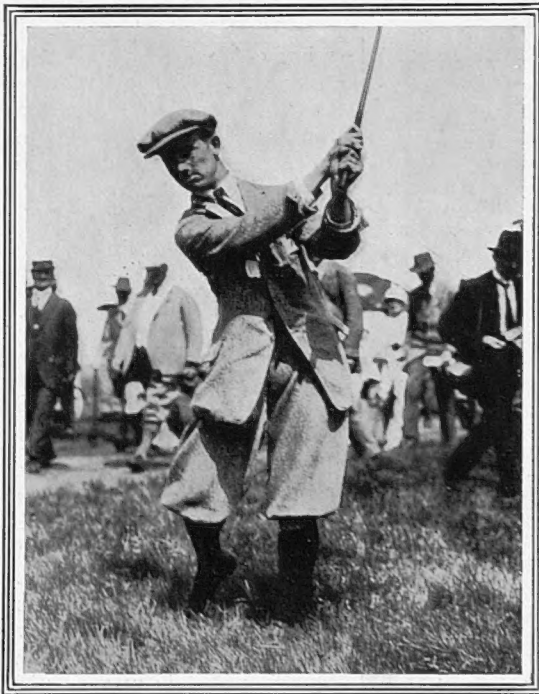
MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. CHARLES A. PALMER.



MR. H. S. B. TUBBS; AND MR. FRANCIS OUIMET, WHOM HE DEFEATED.



MR. H. H. HILTON; AND MR. BLACKWELL, HIM.



MR. J. L. C. JENKINS, THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION.



MR. E. MARTIN-SMITH, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. J. L. C. JENKINS.

golf, his score for the first nine holes being 31—a record in the Amateur Championship. Mr. Harold Weber was beaten by Captain C. K. Hutchison, of the Royal St. George's, by six and four. Mr. H. H. Hilton, the Amateur Champion, was beaten by Mr. Blackwell by two up and one to play. The semi-finalists were Mr. C. O. Hezlet, of Portrush; Mr. R. P. Humphries, of Kidderminster; Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins, of Troon; and Mr. E. Martin-Smith, of the Royal St. George's. Mr. Hezlet beat Mr. Humphries by one hole; and Mr. Jenkins beat Mr. Martin-Smith by two and one. In the final, on Saturday, Mr. Jenkins, after an exciting match, beat Mr. Hezlet by three and two, thus attaining the proud position of British Amateur Champion.

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CHARITY WHICH MAY END AT HOME.

The Lure of the Little Lady.

A little lady lures me. Her hair is golden,
 with antennæ like any other butterfly's, but
 one red, the other gold—and perched upon it,
 over a jaunty black rose, in a white opera hat set at a rakish angle.
 Her bodice, such as it is, is black. It surmounts a white "lamp-
 shade," and ditto dittoes from which peep gilded shoes. Her gloves
 are gilt and catch at a red-lined cloak which throws her figure into
 relief, just to show that it is there. And, almost I forgot, placed
 across her eyes, discreetly and aping a mask, is a band of cherry
 ribbon, matching her lips and lover's-knotted. She is the very
 spirit of revelry. I should like to think her fascinations for myself
 alone; but she challenges and invites eleven hundred and ninety-
 nine others, of her own fashioning and of the sex called sterner.
 She has a tale to tell, posing most properly as Dame Fortune. I
 like her. So will you—and her ways. Her means, too, will en-
 gross you. She has many gifts at her command.

Gifts for Guests.

She makes no secret of her bounty. Even,
 she is business-like about it; appropriately
 enough, for she owes it to business people, heads of famous firms.
 Already, she has something over £2000 worth of presents at her
 disposal, presents of all kinds—one, at least, perhaps, for you!
 Think of them: A £600 Daimler motor-car; a fifty-guinea
 diamond-and-pearl pendant; a table of plate of like value; gowns
 of the same splendid cost; sports coats; a ladies' dressing-bag,
 also at fifty guineas; bonbonnières; a dressing-bag for a mere
 man; many pounds' worth of cigars and cigarettes for the same;
 sunshades and umbrellas; two cloaks; a charming tea-gown;
 pyjamas of the best; photographs in colour and in black and white;
 hats and blouses; boxes at theatres; more frocks; a traffic-
 indicator for the car; a bevy of presents at not less than three
 golden guineas apiece; dinner for four; another ladies' dressing-
 bag; a gramophone; tourist tickets; suits—a hundred guineas'
 worth—for men; a purse-bag; hosiery and boots; a rose-bowl;
 claret; work for a motor-car body; signed Helleu proofs of his
 famous etching of Queen Alexandra; opera-glasses; ladies' shoes;
 a sport outfit; patent razors; and a fur coat! In exchange for the
 possibility of receiving any one of these she asks you little, and that
 in the name of Charity. In a word, you must purchase a ticket
 for the amazing Midnight Ball at the Savoy. Note down the date:
 Thursday, June 25.

And Not Gifts Only.

I'm going, I need not say. The little lady is
 very alluring. She tells me, further, that I'm
 not to be bothered. Armed with my ticket,
 I shall get a champagne supper, auctioned dances with stage-
 favourites (arranged by the *Tatler*), Varieties (organised by the
Bystander), and all the joys of a Savoy Ball; and armed with the
 number of that ticket—all such numbers bearing relationship to the
 distribution of the gifts—I may receive, thanks to *The Sketch*
 scheme, a present sending me away richer than when I arrived.

The Generous.

Thanks, be—in the fond hope of a gift to come
 my way, and yours—to *The Sketch*, whose
 scheme for the wonderful evening the little lady represents, as we
 have said before; and most especially to those generous givers—
 the Daimler Company, Pope and Bradley, Abdulla and Co., H. L.
 Savory, Ladbroke and Co., Debenham and Freebody, the Gold-
 smiths and Silversmiths Company, Redfern, MM. Paquin, Elkington,
 Carrington, Swan and Edgar, MM. Hayward, Reville and Rossiter,
 Benson and Co., Zyrot, Wilson and Gill, the Dover Street Studios,
 Fribourg and Treyer, Michée Zac, the Savoy Tailors' Guild, Thrupp
 and Maberley, Revillon Frères, Barbellion, J. C. Vickery, the Parisian
 Diamond Company, Brigg and Sons, Cook's, MM. Pam, Dent,
 Fullers, John Simmons and Sons, the Empire, the General Supply
 Company, Hatchett's, J. Russell and Sons, the Gramophone Com-
 pany, Edwards and Sons, Hatch, Mansfield and Co., Cartier,
 Meirowitz, Jack Jacobus, Spalding's, Tiffany, and Jaschke.

A Pretty Tale.

Is not that a pretty tale for a little lady?
 She will certainly have her twelve hundred
 followers! She would without her presents; for, again I say, she
 offers in the first place in exchange for a ticket all the delights of a
 fashionable ball in a great hotel; with the presents, which are being
 showered upon her and will be showered by her in turn, she is
 irresistible. No wonder she likes to pose as Fortuna. And behind
 all her frivolity is the best of motives—the National Institute for
 the Blind. Those who answer her call will do so with double grace,
 knowing that in revelling in light and colour they are helping those
 whose fate it is to grope in a darkness which knows no coming of
 the dawn.—And this little lady? Who is she? She is there for
 you to make acquaintance with her—poised on the cover of a leaflet
 which is both an appeal and an invitation to dance and make merry.
 She announces the Midnight Ball, which will begin at twelve o'clock
 on the night of June 25.

Hurry Up!

I warn you, further, that at the time of
 writing the tickets, which started at three
 guineas, are selling like hot cakes at four guineas each. Even by
 now the price is likely to have risen again. Send your cheque
 immediately to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, W.C.



EARLY KIPLING: FORGOTTEN VERSES AND STORIES: DERBY DAYS: THE LATE U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL.

A Missing Kipling Poem.

I read somewhere during the week that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, appealed to to identify a quotation from a poem which began—
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and a king—
said that the scrap of poetry was certainly his, but when and where he wrote it he could not remember. I have little doubt that this scrap of poetry belongs to Kipling's early days in India, when he poured out his genius in the columns of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad and the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. I remember a one-time editor telling me that when Kipling was on the *Pioneer* he—the editor—had torn up at least as much of Kipling's verses as he had published. Mr. Kipling himself only selected what he considered the best amongst his fugitive verses to put into the book which he titled "Departmental Ditties." I am quite sure that if a file of the *Pioneer* of the 'eighties were turned over, a book of Kipling poems the existence of which Mr. Kipling has forgotten might be brought together. I cut several such scraps of poetry out at the time of their publication and pasted them in a book, but that book, like most other things that one puts away carefully, has vanished.

Mr. Kipling's Lost Prose.

But in my search for the book with the Kipling verses in it I came across another book which contains some articles by Mr. Kipling—articles which I am sure he would find as difficult to identify as the feather of poetry to which I allude above. It is a paper-covered book which I bought at a station book-stall on one of the Indian railways, and is the ninth volume of "Turn-overs" from the *Civil and Military Gazette*. The editor of the paper, in his preface to the series, quotes: "The daily Press has always been the grave of many of the best things that the best writers have produced." Amongst the fifty-seven short stories and essays which compose the book there are seven by Kipling.

All by Kipling.

The first of the Kipling articles is a description by him of his loneliness in London when he arrived home from India, and it is titled "The Three Young Men." The next one is "My Great and Only"—a description by Kipling of a Lion Comique singing "That's What the Girl Told the Soldier." Another is "The Betrayal of Confidences"—Kipling's story of a young man who came to him for advice concerning a five-act tragedy he had written. Then there is "The Adoration of the Mage," in which Kipling tells an anecdote about the "G.O.M." and Mrs. Gladstone. "A Death in the Camp" gives Kipling's reflections on the death of a successful architect nearly seventy years old, with a flash of the author at his best in his scorn for the lamentations over a man whose work is done. "A Really Good Time" is a Kipling disquisition concerning the men who sought to "lionise" him when he first came to London, and he

writes that one of them is "on the eve of discovering that I stole a dead Tommy's diary just before I was drummed out of the service for desertion, and have lived on the proceeds ever since." Another short story in the same vein is "On Exhibition." I wonder whether Mr. Rudyard Kipling, if he chances to read these lines, will remember writing any one of these stories signed by himself, which are in a long-shaped paper-covered book, the edges of its cover still

brittle from the Indian sun, which I bought in the year 1890 at a railway station in the Punjab.

The Old-Fashioned Derby Day.

Once again the revolving months have brought us to Derby Day—the new Derby Day, with all the fun of the road excised, but with compensating comfort in its place. A quarter to half a century ago, all the world drove down to the Derby; dukes and costermongers alike were smothered by the dust, and nobody ever got back to town in time for dinner. The swells, with Piccadilly-weepers, on the tops of the coaches chaffed the chimney-sweeps in the donkey-carts, and were chaffed by them in return. The smart young fellows from the Stock Exchange, in white hats with green veils round them, went down in pairs in hansom-cabs; all the men drank as much champagne as was good for them, and bought false noses to wear on the return journey, and little wooden dolls to stick in the bands of their hats.

PLAYING BACK FOR THE BATH CLUB B. TEAM IN THE SOCIAL CLUBS' CUP TOURNAMENT AT HURLINGHAM: LORD DALMENY.

In the Social Clubs' Cup Competition at Hurlingham, the first polo tournament of the season, the Bath Club B. Team were beaten by the Cavalry Club by 9 goals to 3. Lord Dalmeny played back for the Bath Club. He is, of course, Lord Rosebery's elder son and heir.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

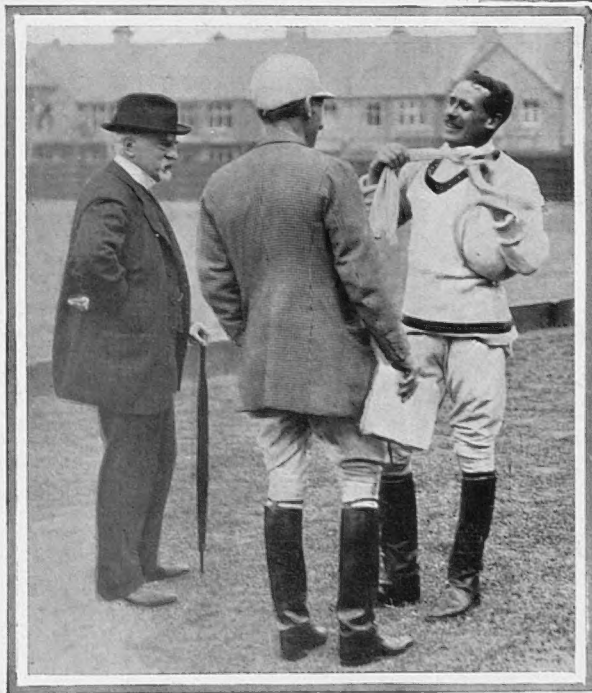
round them, went down in pairs in hansom-cabs; all the men drank as much champagne as was good for them, and bought false noses to wear on the return journey, and little wooden dolls to stick in the bands of their hats.

The Present-Day Derby.

Nowadays, the men who drive down to the races do so in their powerful motor-cars, and they take a wide sweep away from the direct road, going through the pleasant country lanes, so as to avoid the dust. Even the costermongers are not covered with dust, for the various municipalities now water the roads. Eight out of ten men who wear silk hats see the Derby run from the grand stand nowadays, and not from the hill, which used to be considered the point of vantage; and they go down quite comfortably by train, and only drive the short distance from the station to the grand stand. The luncheon-basket picnic has given place to lunch in one of the refreshment-rooms or one of the tents on the hill, and no London hostess considers it a valid excuse for being late for dinner that a man has been to the Derby.

A Wonderful Orator.

I am sorry to read of the death of Mr. John L. Griffiths, the American Consul-General in London. He was, I think, one of the finest after-dinner speakers I have ever heard, and he was so considered by his own countrymen, who all, almost without exception, can make a good speech. While he was at his best at a Fourth of July banquet, he was always ready to speak at any Anglo-American gathering. I have heard him more than once orate at a Pilgrims' dinner, and he founded the American Luncheon Club.



ONE OF THE BATH CLUB A. TEAM IN THE SOCIAL CLUBS' POLO CUP TOURNAMENT: LORD WODEHOUSE AND HIS FATHER, THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

The Bath Club A. Team, one of whom was Lord Wodehouse, were beaten by the Argentine Club by 6 goals to 5, in the Social Clubs' Cup Tournament at Hurlingham last week. Lord Wodehouse was M.P. (Liberal) for Mid-Norfolk from 1906 to 1910.

Photograph by Alfieri.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MRS. J. T. GREIN—FOR FINDING "THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT" ON NEW PLAYS PROMPTER THAN SHE EXPECTED.



SIR JOHN DICKINSON—FOR HAVING ACQUIRED SUCH SKILL IN CATCHING THE BOOTS OF SUFFRAGETTES IN COURT.



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER—FOR VARYING ANOTHER GREAT CONQUEROR'S PHRASE INTO "VENI, VIDI, ACCEPI."



PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE—FOR HAVING SOME REALLY EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN EGYPTIAN JEWELLERY WITHOUT FEAR OF DUPLICATION.

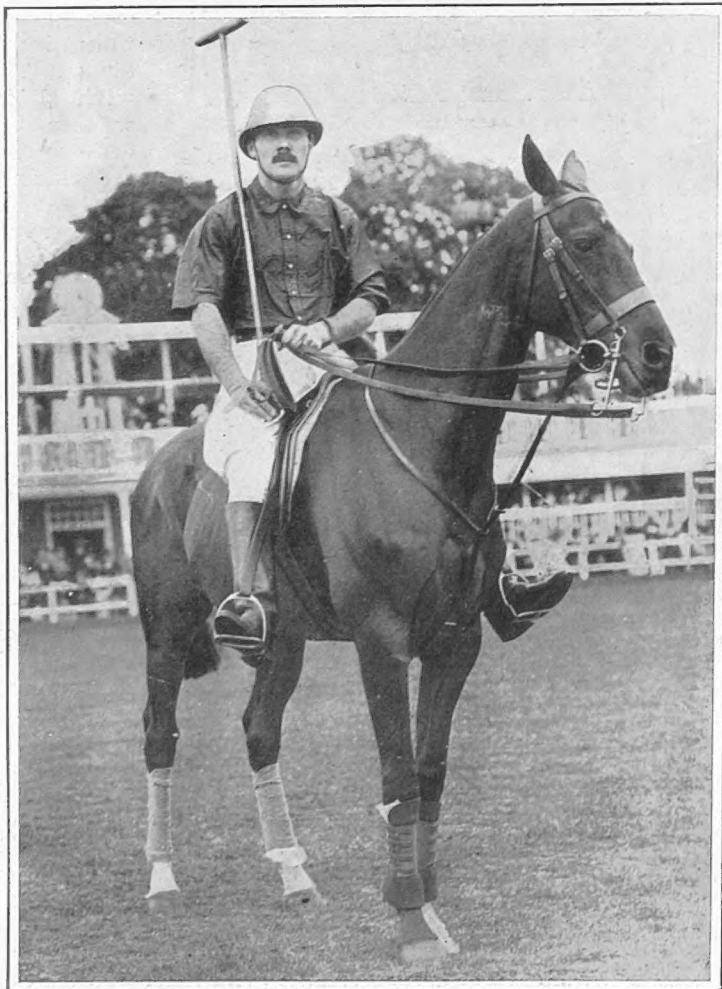


DEAN INGE—FOR PERHAPS WONDERING WHETHER WORDSWORTH MEANT TO WRITE "LIES ABOUT HEAVEN IN OUR INFANCY."

Sir George Alexander recently received, on a Sunday morning, a new play by an author whom he had never heard of—"Michael Orme." He read it at once, and the next day accepted it for his autumn piece at the St. James's. The fortunate author turned out to be Mrs. Alix Grein, wife of Mr. J. T. Grein, Consul for Liberia in London, who is an East India merchant and a dramatic critic.—Professor Flinders Petrie has been lecturing to crowded audiences at University College on his wonderful find of ancient Egyptian jewellery in the Pyramid of Senusert II., at Lahun, dating from about 3400 B.C.—Sir John

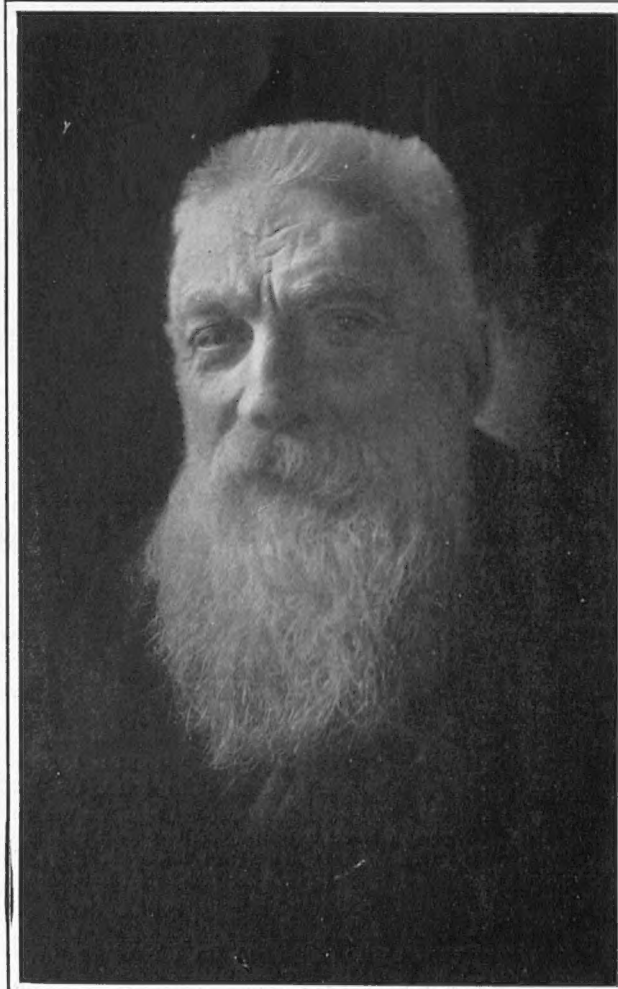
Dickinson, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, recently had before him at Bow Street the 66 women arrested in the disturbances at the attempted deputation to the King. One threw her boot at the magistrate, but he caught it in his left hand.—Dean Inge recently preached in St. Paul's on the subject of Heaven. Some think, he said, that the clergy are trying to "give them promissory notes to be paid in another world that does not exist . . . The average man knows enough astronomy to feel the absurdity of placing Heaven inside or outside the solar system."

Photographs by Thomson, L.N.A., Dover Street Studios, and Elliott and Fry.



MR. JOHN TRAILL—FOR PREFERRING THE TRAIL OF THE POLO PONY TO THE TRAIL OF THE BOOKWORM.

Mr. John Traill was recently chosen to join the polo team Lord Wimborne is taking to America to contest the Cup. Mr. Traill played back in the final practice match of the team at Hurlingham the other day.—M. Rodin has displeased



M. RODIN—FOR FORGETTING THAT HIS MONUMENT IS NOT TO THE AUTHOR OF "VINGT ANS APRÈS."

the admirers of Victor Hugo by not having yet executed the monument to Hugo he undertook fifteen years ago. He has explained that he is a slow worker, and that inspiration for a big task is not always to hand.

Photographs by Sport and General, and Claude Harris.

DERBY AND JONES.



FOR SALE.

MRS. JONES: I did so enjoy your sermon this morning; I dreamt I'd won the Calcutta Sweep.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE SLOPING-PATH REVUE: "NOT LIKELY," AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS—AND ADJECTIVE.

The "Not Likely" Revue.

Probably the gentle reader has no idea how jolly difficult it is to write about these revues. She, or he, if trusted with the task, would, I fancy, give a sort of catalogue with adjectives of the twelve scenes, in a way resembling the Academy notices that we used to write when I was a youthful critic of painting and the other arts—of course, I "swore off" all but drama when I reached years of discretion: the others require real knowledge. That sort of article is appallingly dull to write, and duller to read. And I can't afford to be dull: I might lose my job—there are plenty of people after it. Indeed, the editor sometimes tells me that there is an extra policeman on duty in Milford Lane to regulate the queue of people who come to offer to do my work much better and at a lower rate. I don't say that I quite believe the editor on this point: I have even the ghost of a suspicion that he tells me this to prevent me from asking for the rise that I well deserve. So you see I can't afford to be dull, for if I were to lose my job I don't know of any other except that of "Scripper"—otherwise, Pavement Artist—and a tendency to lumbago makes me fear that profession. Even if Mr. Charles Palmer, when suffering from lumbago, did beat—I nearly forgot my promise not to mention golf. What a fine chance I am presenting to somebody to write and say that these articles are dull. I daresay somebody will, and add that I talk too much about myself; but "E. F. S." and "G. B. S." and "G. R. S." have all a tendency that way—all great people have. And now to turn to the revue, the brightest feature in which is its burlesque of a French revue, in which the Alhambra company quite cleverly make fun of certain stock features of that institution: Mr. Robert Hale is most amusing as Le Piou-Piou, though I felt glad the audience did not understand his typical joke about the typical moon. To tell the truth, Mr. Hale to a large extent is the revue—what a pity they cannot get some women of equal calibre, for the ladies, though quite fascinating and all that, are a trifle tame and small-voiced, so that it is difficult to distinguish the words that most of them say or sing. Mr. Hale does get it off his chest—it makes my throat ache sometimes to listen to him—and he has a sense of humour and a power of mimicry. His Matheson Lang in the burlesque of "Mr. Wu" is really comic.

The Delightful Dancers.

Of course, some of the dear ladies are not meant to sing or act, and I except them from my disparagement. For instance, there is Miss Florence Walton, who dances divinely in a super-ball-room style. Moreover, Miss Mossetti and Miss Monkman are to be admired; they figure in the Spring Ballet, thrust bravely into the piece, and quite charming with its beautiful, strange music by Claude Debussy.

A pity that the lights are turned up so high towards the end, and destroy the illusion of mystery. The extra bit of what electricians call "juice" makes the colouring seem crude. The two ladies danced and posed prettily, and Miss Monkman afterwards did some rather acrobatic dancing in a black costume which—no, I won't describe it: my pen might be indiscreet, like the dress. Speaking of dancing, there is Mr. Cook, a remarkable, apparently boneless person, whose marvellous grotesque work fortunately exhibits a real sense of rhythm.



WALKING THE PLANK IN "NOT LIKELY": MISS LEE WHITE AMONG THE STALLITES.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

in the orchestra: something for all tastes—and all distastes as well; and even now, in my enumeration, I have forgotten the French air in the last scene. The scenery is elaborate, though a trifle too glaring, as a rule: with the lights low it is charming in the Spring Ballet; but perhaps the public likes the crude effects. Startling costumes are in abundance, with sometimes charming effects of gay

colour—the word "abundance" leads to the hint that the revue is too long, like the others. If enough is as good as a feast, too much is worse than a fast—a home-made epigram of which I am rather fond. Two hours and a half with one interval is too much, with music sometimes strident and tiring going on most of the time. Revues must tend to become shorter, and depend on a higher level of excellence in the individual artists and greater wit in the books. I have almost forgotten some items, such as the interesting revival of the songs of years ago, in which Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Hale were very funny; and so, too, a pair of young ladies as "the Sisters"—no, I won't



"PLEASE, PLEASE, MR. WU, DON'T TAKE OFF ANY MORE!" MR. ROBERT HALE AS MR. WU AND MISS TEDDIE GERARD AS MRS. HAIRSBREADTHWEIGHT IN THE PARODY OF "MR. WU."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

give the name: but surely "Champagne Charlie" and "Up in a Balloon" should find a place. Altogether, even if there are some dull patches, the piece contains plenty of entertaining numbers, and they won hearty applause. There was a crowded house, and it looks as if London is revue-mad—no wonder the theatres are having a hard time! But, of course, unless the revue develops into something finer, we shall see a sudden reaction.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "NOT LIKELY"—AT ALL.



"THE DRESSERS," THE UNDRESS-ERS, AND OTHERS: PEOPLE IN THE NEW ALHAMBRA REVUE.

"Not Likely," unqualified as it is by any Pygmalionese epithet, is yet proving an unqualified success at the Alhambra. Our Artist has chosen for his larger figures those of Mr. Robert Hale, Miss Connie Ediss, and Mr. George Grossmith in an episode called "The Dressers" in Scene XI. — "Selfridge Street." Another popular scene is "Fifty Years of Songs," a revue of the music-hall songs from 1864 to 1914.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



LORD WIMBORNE.

"THE trials of Lord Wimborne," somebody called the trial matches. But Lord Wimborne himself has not uttered a word of complaint. His team, as it turns out, follows his ponies to the States, and may even win the Cup if the American Selection Committee is tied in half as many knots as he has been. Ever since he issued his challenge, disappointment followed disappointment, but through it all he never looked nor spoke as if he had a grievance. All things considered, perhaps he did not really have one, but the odds were that a man in his harassing position would imagine he had. He kept his peace, and the world of polo is growing almost sweet-tempered in consequence.

The Can't Players.

Since Lord Wimborne himself is reticent, nobody will ever know the whole truth about the marvellous adventures

of a polo-challenger. As far as most of us are concerned, the affair begins with the picturesque tour in Spain made by a friendly team of secondary champions. Why the team was composed of secondary champions is not clear; but the "can't play" attitude of the really big men of the game was probably responsible for Lord Wimborne's difficulties from the first. As a rule, a child says "Won't play" when it can't play very well; but with the grown-up players of Ranelagh that was certainly not the case. There was no question as to their ability, proved on many a hard-fought field, but there were many questions as to their willingness to play. Now that all these questions have been happily settled, however, no good purpose can be served by raking any of them up again.

"Polotics." In Spain things went happily enough. The ponies behaved well, Lord Wimborne behaved better still, and the King of Spain and Mr. Winston Churchill looked on approvingly. They both blessed the enterprise, and probably the kingly blessing is taking effect. But the mention of Winston's name introduces certain considerations that should not be introduced into the sphere of British sportsmanship. Lord Wimborne and the First Lord are cousins—Churchill is the Peer's second name—and they "ratted" at about the same time. The resentment that was lavished on Winston has also been lavished on the Guests. In the eyes of certain people whose politics are hereditary, the younger generations of two great Conservative houses did the unforgivable thing; and though it is difficult to believe that in a reasonable world polo and politics should be confused, and made into a mess called "polotics," it is obvious that Pall Mall and the Military Clubs have not quite cleared themselves of prejudice.

Teaming Troubles. We do not say that Mr. Buckmaster twice broke his collar-bone at inauspicious moments because of political bias, or that the illness in Major Hunter's family is part of a Conservative conspiracy; Lord Wimborne's difficulties did not begin nor end with strokes of sheer bad luck. When the *Times* commented on the lack of sporting spirit in the world of polo, it did not allude to broken bones, but to a mysterious apathy among the champions. They were all apathetic until it came to the point of playing Lord Wimborne's makeshift team, and then they were always ready to meet and beat it. For several days despairing paragraphs were printed to the effect that "Lord Wimborne again tried to induce Captain Leslie Cheape to reconsider his refusal to join the team, but without success"; then (and it is the only thing really worth remembering) came the news that Captain Cheape had withdrawn his refusal!



LORD WIMBORNE.

Photograph by Lafayette.

His Own Play. Lord Wimborne's interest in polo is by no means the academic interest of the looker-on. He is the patron, with purse and ponies; but he is, besides, a player. He has a passion for the game. He rides and hits hard, and carries his mount along with him. In the good horsemanship that keeps the field busy he is never lacking, and his pony will always gallop at his bidding; but the customary brilliance of his stroke is occasionally varied by lapses that may spoil the chances of his side.

Wimborne House. For the Commons he has less love than for the field. Mr. Winston Churchill never succeeded in infecting him with his own passion for the sport of debate, but for ten years he did his duty by his constituency. He served his country in South Africa, and his Party at Wimborne House. With the help of his wife, who early in her married life was called on to do the honours of the establishment and is an accomplished hostess, he has received some three thousand guests in the course of a single evening. While Lansdowne House and Londonderry House were entertaining in the Conservative interest, Wimborne House proved to be a great acquisition to the other side. Internally it provides one of the most elaborate episodes in the history of London architecture. A succession of noble tenants have had their fling at it, and it has been the natural prey of the ambitious house-decorator for several generations. Owen Jones himself—the author of the antiquated "Grammar of Ornament"—was called in at one time. In the face of all tinkering, Wimborne House maintains an attractive and impressive appearance.

The Party of Four.

But is it attractive and impressive enough for Lord Wimborne? At the moment he is not a man for the House or houses. Even the new family mansion in Park Lane is too narrow. He needs America, Meadowbrook, and the Cup. Lord Wimborne may be Prime Minister some day, but for the time being he only wants to see his little party of four ride his ponies to victory in the States.



LADY WIMBORNE.

The Right Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest, second Baron Wimborne and first Baron Ashby St. Ledgers, P.C., succeeded his father in the former title recently. He was born on January 16, 1873, son of the first Baron and of Lady Cornelia, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. He served in South Africa, with the Imperial Yeomanry, in 1900; was M.P. for Plymouth from February of that year until January 1906; and was Member for Cardiff from January 1906 to January 1910. In the last-named year he was created Baron Ashby St. Ledgers, and from the February of that year until the May of 1912 he was Paymaster-General. Last year he became a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. In 1902 he married the Hon. Alice Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

JUST TO FRIGHTEN GERMANY! OUR WAR LORD.



THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: MR. ASQUITH — A PORTRAIT.

There are some who tell us that Germany, proud of her own War Lord, does not think England capable of producing a War Lord for herself. Here is an answer to the criticism. The photograph of Mr. Asquith was taken while he was watching the field operations before the King the other day.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by C.N.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Countess of Lovelace, who gave her own dance at the Ritz last Friday, deserves a certificate for "regular attendance" at the dances of her friends. The *Times* correspondent with the signature "Three Dances a Week" is a hermit by comparison. Lady Lovelace started on Monday by giving a dinner-party for Lady Margaret Whatney's dance in Berkeley Square, and was engaged for similar functions, including her own, on six other days out of the seven. But Wednesday was the night of miracles. She and her daughters accepted invitations for that evening from Countess de Lalaing at the Ritz, from Mrs. Oswald Smith in Upper Grosvenor Street, and from Mary, Lady Gerard, at Claridge's. It is said that she and one or other of her daughters were present at all three!



THE MARRIAGE OF LORD EDWARD SEYMOUR AND MISS ELFRIDA ADELAIDE DE TRAFFORD: THE BRIDEGROOM.

Lord Edward Seymour, brother of the Marquess of Hertford, was born in 1879. He served in South Africa, with the Imperial Yeomanry and with Strathcona's Horse, and was wounded.

Photograph by Lafayette.

M.C. and C.M. Opinion, strangely enough, seems to be against Sir Philip Burne-Jones in the matter of introducing at dances. "Introductions should be unnecessary," is the general answer to his plea. But so long as introductions are held to be necessary that answer hardly meets the case, nor does the assertion that people who come in parties make their own arrangements and do not want to be forced by an

friend who, by good fortune, was coming out as he went in. With the help of a man in livery, but without a mirror, the exchange was made upon the doorstep; while a considerate policeman advised the crowd on the pavement to "stand a little farther back, please."

Academy Ups and Downs.

One artist, at least, foresaw the danger of exhibiting at the Academy, and sent his picture in the hope of having it hung somewhere out of reach of Militants. Even before the attacks upon the Sargent and the Herkomer it was thought that Mr. Harrington Mann's "Michael and David, Sons of the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P.," would run risks in a public exhibition. But a Mannly course was decided on, the picture sent, and the names given in full in the catalogue. Skying is, at last, a blessing in disguise; and it would be just as well even now if the "Lady Rocksavage" and other threatened pictures changed places with unconsidered trifles that are aloft.

Lulla-byes at Covent Garden.

Covent Garden is becoming the happy hunting-ground of irreverent journalists. One of these gentry has been discovering that Lord Crewe's clothes



THE MARRIAGE OF LORD EDWARD SEYMOUR AND MISS ELFRIDA ADELAIDE DE TRAFFORD: THE BRIDE.

It was arranged that the wedding of Miss Elfrida de Trafford (second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart de Trafford, of Croston Hall, Lancashire) and Lord Edward Seymour should take place on Saturday last, May 23.

Photograph by Lafayette.

energetic hostess or a master of the ceremonies into the arms of strange partners. People who come in parties and have filled their programmes in advance can, surely, defy the most insinuating M.C.; but yet the fact remains that at every dance a certain number of guests are left idle simply because they know only one or two people, instead of twenty, out of the assembled multitude. The problem exists, even in houses where everybody is supposed to know everybody else; but the prejudice against the M.C. also exists. Why does not Sir Philip come to the rescue in his own proper person? He would be the one and only M.C. who could never do the wrong thing, and if he regularly sacrificed his evenings to the task, he might reverse the initials and call himself Christian Martyr into the bargain.

A Doorstep Toilet. The Commons has been rejoiced with the sight of a white top-hat, and other emblems of summer are beginning to decorate the jaunty heads and button-holes of many Members. But black is still the prevailing habit; and when Mr. James Hope, nephew of the Duke of Norfolk and M.P.

for a sooty Division of a Northern city, found himself at the doors of Archbishop's House the other night, he remembered that his tie was black instead of the white which should more properly be worn at a Cardinal's reception. "Let's change," he said to a



IN HYDE PARK: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND HIS ELDER DAUGHTER, LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.

Lady Ursula was born in 1902; her sister, Lady Mary, in 1910.

Photograph by Topical.

rude things to say of various exalted personages, suggesting, among other ill-considered remarks, that they wore an air of boredom. He has said enough, at any rate, to justify the scratching of his paper's name from the free-list.

are always too tight; but it is not clear whether the observation is the fruit of long study of the right man, or of misdirected opera-glasses and mistaken identity. There is, however, no doubt about the picture of the Duke of Norfolk given in a morning paper, and it has the virtue of being amusing: "Between the acts I heard a gorgeous Ambassador ask the Duke of Norfolk (who slept quite a lot), 'I say, Duke, what about that half-crown?'" The half-crown must remain a mystery; but it is quite true that his Grace grows drowsy at Covent Garden. The only music he really cares for is the "Marseillaise" on a barrel-organ.

Too Free with the Free-List.

The strangest of all freaks connected with the Covent Garden free-list is the sending of a ticket to a halfpenny Labour paper. It has no musical critic on hand, and the result is that occasionally a stalwart "rebel" hires a dress-suit, takes a taxi, and spends the night "among the nobles." He feels, of course, immensely superior, and though he does not notice such trifles as the premier Duke sleeping in a corridor, he has been known to have more or less

SOCIETY IN FULL BLOOM: AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.



1. BACKWARD GLANCES: LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.
2. INTERESTED IN THE ROCK-PLANTS: LORD AND LADY CASTLEREAGH.
3. A FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.

4. NOT A BIT LIKE A DOWAGER: MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (ON THE RIGHT).
5. LORD ROSSLYN'S WIFE AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S SISTER: THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (FORMERLY MISS VERA MARY BAYLEY) AND LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON GOWER.

Society was, so to speak, in full bloom at the Chelsea Flower Show last week.—The Countess of Essex, who is the Earl's second wife, was Miss Adela Grant, of New York, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Beach Grant.—Viscount Castlereagh is the only son and heir of the Marquess of Londonderry, and his wife is the daughter of

Mr. Henry Chaplin.—Sir George Alexander recently revived Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" at the St. James's.—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, sister of the Earl of Rosslyn, is the widow of the late Duke and mother of the present Duke and of Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower.—Lady Rosslyn is the Earl's third wife.

Photographs by C.N. and Newspaper Illustrations.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Coriave" and "Valentine.")

WHEN the proud citizen wants to show his curious visitor a corner of old London or of old Paris he generally shows him something that is crumbling away or which has been entirely restored. Thus in London it may be Staple Inn, in Paris the rue de Venise. In Paris a better choice would be the houses and cloistered gardens of higher Montmartre, that Montmartre that lies beyond the boulevard, higher, far higher, than those resorts of nocturnal gaiety to which the Anglo-Saxon is wont night after dull night to turn his footsteps. In those narrow streets and curious squares one is in the Paris of Balzac. In London, and if my visitor be a man of taste, learning and intelligence, I choose the Royal Opera Arcade.

Your American, your provincial, knows the Carlton, Sir Herbert Tree's theatre, Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, but I'll wager that he doesn't know—for few Londoners know—the neighbouring Opera Arcade. It is not so very old. It isn't an affair of wooden beams or of projecting upper storeys. I won't even guess at its date. I know nothing about dates in architecture. But to me this narrow passage—and yet it is not so narrow but that it is spacious, too, with the spaciousness that comes from just proportion—is a piece of old, unspoiled eighteenth-century London having only an occasional and accidental reminder of the depressing decades in which we actually live. I think Aubrey Beardsley must have known and walked lovingly in the Opera Arcade. Its lines and its sparse and severe decoration remind me of nothing so much as the backgrounds to his illus-

London-shaking news they do it with the secrecy of an unembodied Mercury. Lower down one is reminded that one can take a French boat to New York—but there are no Opera Arcades in New York, and the temptation to leave the goods we have would surely be greater if the boats advertised their sumptuous glories in the noisy unattractiveness of Cockspur Street.

The Opera Arcade is a great place for Indian officers. They seem to buy there half the things they want when they go away and all the things they need when they come home. Dressing-gowns hang on the door-lintels, inviting the robber, but safe enough, no doubt, since a dressing-gown isn't like an overcoat: the sneak-thief couldn't slip it on round the corner and saunter away in disguise; I doubt whether fences care much for dressing-gowns as articles of merchandise. On the evening of the day on which this is read—if it is read—gaily coloured handkerchiefs which bear the picture and the performances of the Derby winner will make their sudden appearance. How in the name of wonder are they produced so quickly? It is all very well when the favourite wins, but what about the year of a Jeddah or a—I can't even remember the horse's name? That it did me no good and no harm is an excuse for my memory.

Further up is a barber's, the oldest barber's in the world for all I know. When an American has become a little bored with his sight-seeing I send him always to

see this extreme stronghold of English conservatism. I tell him that they still use the brushes with which they brushed the

Duke of Wellington's hair before he started for the field of Waterloo—and very properly he believes me. He holds up his hands in astonishment when he compares these modest but charming rooms with the tiled, marbled and silvered tonsorial parlours of Broadway. What it was a hundred years ago this barber's shop is now, and I for one shall cease going to it if it outrages the spirit of the place even to the extent of installing an American chair.

Recently the Opera Arcade has been repainted. I wish black had been chosen for its

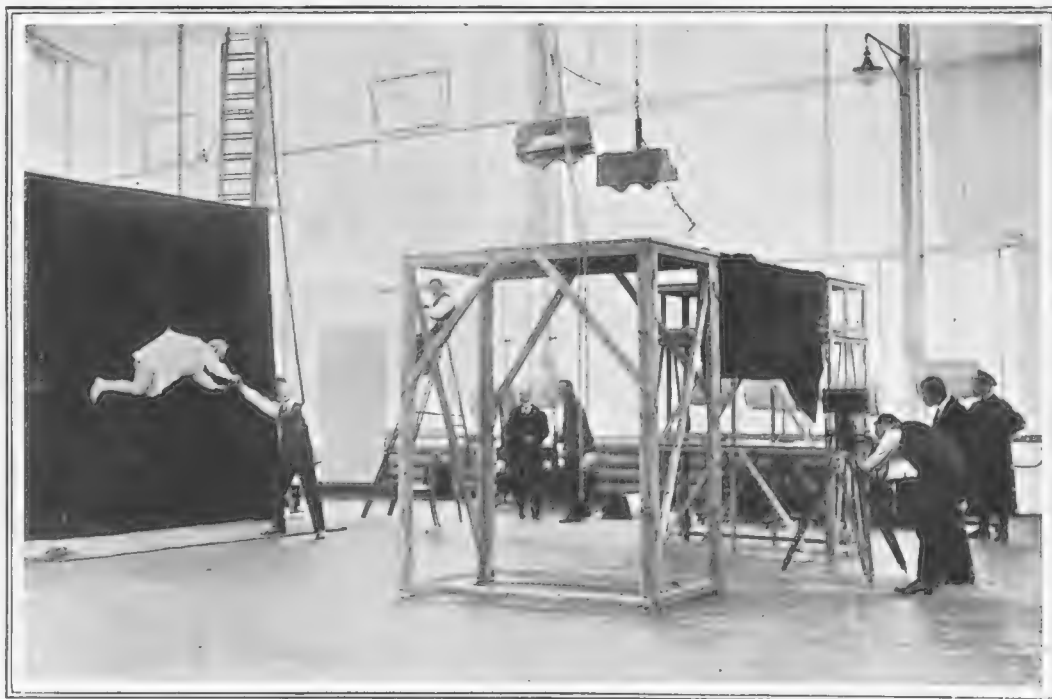
iron-work. Black is the colour of Aubrey Beardsley's line. But I cannot complain. Painted green or painted black, here is a slip, a forgotten slice of the eighteenth century—here in the very heart of all that is most typical of the twentieth.



A TERRIBLE TIME ACTING ON THE END OF A WIRE FOR "A TERRIBLE NIGHT"! HERR BENDER, THE COMEDIAN, PLAYING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

Herr Bender is seen photographed on this page, suspended by a wire and drawn along by another, while acting the chief part in "A Terrible Night" for a cinematograph film.

Photograph by Grohs.



ACTING AS (LITERALLY) A HIGH ART! HERR BENDER PLAYING IN "A TERRIBLE NIGHT" FOR THE FILM.

Photograph by Grohs.

even the newcomer seems to have had discretion and a proper sense of the spirit of the place: one may be telegraphing to Chicago, but one has no feeling that one must "step lively"; if hurrying messengers run in and out of the office with

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



III.—SNIPING CANTERBURY LAMB FROM A NICHE OF THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

DRAWN BY W. HRATH ROBINSON.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



THE PEN AND THE SCISSORS. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I WAS talking the other day about our lost sense of words, but how much more have we lost of our sense of proportion! Open any newspaper, and in the obscurest corner, crushed out of sight by its neighbours, for all the world as if it were the most interesting picture at the Royal Academy, there, condensed in four meagre lines, lies, dim and commentless, the half-truth that matters. It may be the first pulse-beat of a discovery, the birth of an idea, the passing of a race, acts of abnegation, cruelties our comprehension refuses to probe, dates unforgettable, facts attenuated into mere phantoms by ignorance—as a mountain is covered by night. And on the same page as the puny paragraph there is a whole column, a battle-column of the most redoubtable soldiers that ever were—words, written words, black warriors in their hundreds and thousands, the legible legions, armies without which those of the Iliad would be but guessed at when the ploughshare clinks against a rusty bit of iron in those fields of flags where poppies and corn-flowers grow. And that whole army of words is displayed for, or against, or about—the down of a dandelion floating for a second before the amused eyes of the world!

Paris papers have declared war. "Against what iniquities, what abuses, what disorders?" will you ask. "Against capital? The Army? Government? Religion? The Republic?" No, not at present; they are rebelling against the Rue de la Paix—their crusade is against the *couturier* and the *modiste*; the Pen is up against the Scissors and the Needle, forgetting that before ink is dry fashions will have changed. Lamentations are loud and long on the ugliness of the hour, but the ticking of the sixtieth minute will be heard sooner than the end of recriminations.

Risible is the ire of an "Immortel" against the fugitive fashions of flimsy frocks, yet M. Pierre Loti directs his academic thunderbolt against the non-academic cut of this day's women's vestments. "It is the first time," says he, "that feminine fashions seem to me frankly awful. Busts drawn in, prominent abdomen, cones of stuff hung over the hips, pyramids of hair making pear-shaped heads, horror and profanation!" Now M. Pierre Loti is perhaps—together with M. Marcel Prévost—the closest student of femininity we have among our modern writers. Not only the Parisienne, but the woman of almost every country, has been observed, confessed, dissected, by the subtle author of "Les Désenchantées," "Madame Chrysanthème," "Le Mariage de Loti," etc. Indeed, the "Immortel" himself is not without a strong touch of effeminacy with his high heels, his kohled eyes, his love for cushions, perfumes, and details. He knows what he is talking about in his attack on our disguise—horror and profanation, indeed!—but why rail at this month's fashions in particular? They are not much more hideous than those which came before, nor those which will follow.

The horror and profanation have ever saddened the heart of beauty-lovers, and will always do so, since and as long as clothes are considered otherwise than as a protection from the cold and as a screen for forms that are no longer good to look upon. It is not this or that fashion, but Fashion with a fateful F, which is the profaner. Who can look at defunct fashion-plates (no matter the date or the art of the draughtsman) without a gnashing of teeth? To accuse the cut of this season's skirt is to curse a cloud. It is the skirt itself, that invention of the Malign One, that should be rent and trampled upon. The art of the coiffeur and of the dressmaker is aesthetically wrong, and will always be wrong, because you cannot teach hair how to grow, or folds how to fall, no more than you can teach a bird how to fly, nor a child how to laugh! When will our vanity let us perceive the fact that instead of dreaming of creating beauty (which is given to very few of us) it is more within our reach to respect and preserve the beauty the world has been blessed with before man had even the faculty to admire?

On the same day I came across two passages of print. The former, in the *Daily Mail*, was headed "Thin Skirt Protest," and read as follows—

Mrs. Mary T. Woods, of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, announced yesterday that at the meeting of the Federation in Chicago in June a campaign would be proposed against the manufacturers of women's ready-made clothing and dressmakers who force American women to wear skirts that cover but do not conceal.

"Women have written to me," she says, "complaining that they are unable to buy skirts that do not hinder the movements. Is it not time we should cease to countenance styles set for us by Parisian houses regardless of the influence such styles have on our comfort, taste, or sense of decency?"

The other is a paragraph from "La Révolte des Angles," the latest

book of M. Anatole France, in which the author speaks of the great artist Ingres—

When he was working at figures for the stained-glass windows of the Chapel at Dreux, the Father Ingres drew, with a lead-pencil, after the model, a fine and pure academy of woman, that can be seen, among many others, in the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne. And the Father Ingres wrote at the bottom of his sheet, for fear of forgetting, "Mademoiselle Cécile, admirable legs and thighs." And to make of Mademoiselle Cécile a saint of Paradise, he put on her a robe, a cloak, a veil, thus inflicting upon her a shameful forfeiture, since the stuffs of Lyon and of Genoa are vile at the price of a tissue alive and young, flushed by a pure blood, since the most beautiful draperies are worthy of disdain when compared to the lines of a beautiful body, and that vestment is, for nubile and desirable flesh, an undeserved shame and the worst of all humiliations.

Thus Anatole France, the virile and the wise. But then, Mrs. Mary T. Woods' correspondents are, perhaps, unlike Cécile! It is for such unfortunate females, fearful of their forms, who need not only to be covered, but "concealed," and for the cute *couturiers*, that the Mode was meant. Mode, the madness of a moment!



COSTUMES OF OUR GROWN-UP PRINCESS: HER MAJESTY AND PRINCESS MARY (WITH HAIR UP AND FROCK DOWN) LEAVING CHURCH AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by C.N.



COSTUMES OF OUR GROWN-UP PRINCESS: THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTER WATCHING FIELD OPERATIONS AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by C.N.

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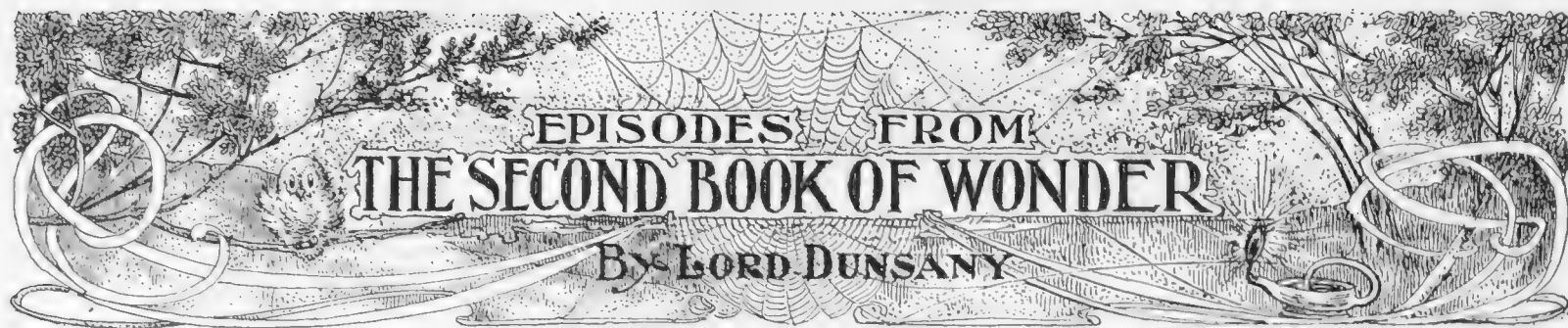
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FOR SALE

AMBITION.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



EPISODE III.—THE LONG PORTER'S TALE.

THERE are things that are known only to the long porter of Tong Tong Tarrup as he sits and mumbles memories to himself in the little bastion gateway.

He remembers the war there was in the halls of the gnomes; and how the fairies came for the opals once, which Tong Tong Tarrup has; and the way that the giants went through the fields below, he watching from his gateway: he remembers quests that are even yet a wonder to the gods. Who dwells in those frozen houses on the high, bare brink of the world not even he has told me, and he is held to be garrulous. Among the elves, the only living things ever seen moving at that awful altitude where they quarry turquoise on Earth's highest crag, his name is a byword for loquacity where-with they mock the talkative.

His favourite story if you offer him bash—the drug of which he is fondest, and for which he will give his service in war to the elves against the goblins, or vice-versa if the goblins bring him more—his favourite story, when bodily soothed by the drug and mentally fiercely excited, tells of a quest undertaken ever so long ago for nothing more marketable than an old woman's song.

Picture him telling it. An old man, lean and bearded, and almost monstrously long, that lolled in a city's gateway on a crag perhaps ten miles high; the houses for the most part facing earthward, lit by the sun and moon and the constellations we know, but one house on the pinnacle looking over the edge of the world and lit by the glimmer of those unearthly spaces where one long evening wears away the stars; never a street in the city, only a multitude of wayward stairs; my little offering of bash; a long forefinger that nipped it at once on a stained and greedy thumb—all these are in the foreground of the picture. In the background, the mystery of those silent houses and of not knowing who their denizens were, or what service they had at the hands of the long porter and what payment he had in return, and whether he was mortal.

Picture him in the gateway of this incredible town, having swallowed my bash in silence, stretch his great length, lean back, and begin to speak.

It seems that one clear morning a hundred years ago, a visitor to Tong Tong Tarrup was climbing up from the world. He had already passed above the snow, and had set his foot on a step of the earthward stairway that goes down from Tong Tong Tarrup on to the rocks, when the long porter saw him. And so painfully did he climb those easy steps that the grizzled man on watch had long to wonder whether or not the stranger brought him bash, the drug that gives a meaning to the stars and seems to explain the twilight. And in the end there was not a scrap of bash, and the stranger had nothing better to offer that grizzled man than his mere story only.

It seems that the stranger's name was Gerald Jones, and he always lived in London; but once as a child he had been on a Northern moor. It was so long ago that he did not remember how, only somehow or other he walked alone on the moor, and all the ling was in flower. There was nothing in sight but ling and heather and bracken, except, far off near the sunset, on indistinct hills, there were little vague patches that looked like the fields of men. With evening a mist crept up and hid the hills, and still he went walking on over the moor. And then he came on the valley, a tiny valley in the midst of the moor, whose sides were incredibly steep. He lay down and looked at it through the roots of the ling. And a long, long way below him, in a garden by a cottage, with hollyhocks all round her that were taller than herself, there sat an old woman on a wooden chair, singing in the evening. And the man had taken a fancy to the song and remembered it after in London, and whenever it came to his mind it made him think of evenings—the kind you don't get in London—and he heard a soft wind again going idly over the moor and the bumble-bees in a hurry, and forgot the noise of the traffic. And always, whenever he heard men speak of Time, he grudged to Time most this song. Once afterwards he went to that Northern moor again and found the tiny valley, but there was no old woman in the garden, and no one was singing a song. And either regret for the song that the old woman had sung, on a summer evening twenty years away and daily receding, troubled his mind, or else the wearisome work that he did in London, for he worked

for a great firm that was perfectly useless; and he grew old early, as men do in cities. And at last, when melancholy brought only regret and the uselessness of his work gained ground with age, he decided to consult a magician. So to a magician he went and told him his troubles, and particularly he told him how he had heard the song, "And now," he said, "it is nowhere in the world."

"Of course it is not in the world," the magician said, "but over the Edge of the World you may easily find it." And he told the man that he was suffering from flux of time, and recommended a day at the Edge of the World. Jones asked what part of the Edge of World he should go to, and the magician had heard Tong Tong Tarrup well spoken of; so he paid him, as is usual, in opals, and started at once on the journey. The ways to that town are winding; he took the ticket at Victoria Station that they only give if they know you: he went past Bleth: he went along the hills of Neol-Hungar and came to the Gap of Poy. All these are in that part of the world that pertains to the fields we know; but beyond the Gap of Poy on those ordinary plains, that so closely resemble Sussex, one first meets the unlikely. A line of common grey hills, the Hills of Sneg, may be seen at the edge of the plain from the Gap of Poy; it is there that the incredible begins, infrequently at first, but happening more and more as you go up the hills. For instance, descending once into Poy Plains, the first thing that I saw was an ordinary shepherd watching a flock of ordinary sheep. I looked at them for some time and nothing happened, when, without a word, one of the sheep walked up to the shepherd and borrowed his pipe and smoked it—an incident that struck me as unlikely; but in the Hills of Sneg I met an honest politician. Over these plains went Jones, and over the Hills of Sneg, meeting at first unlikely things, and then incredible things, till he came to the long slope beyond the hills that leads up to the Edge of the World, and where, as all guide-books tell, anything may happen. You might at the foot of this slope see here and there things that could conceivably occur in the fields we know; but soon these disappeared, and the traveller saw nothing but fabulous beasts, browsing on flowers as astounding as themselves, and rocks so distorted that their shapes had clearly a meaning, being too startling to be accidental. Even the trees were shockingly unfamiliar, they had so much to say, and they leant over to one another whenever they spoke and struck grotesque attitudes and leered. Jones saw two fir-trees fighting. The effect of these scenes on his nerves was very severe; still he climbed on, and was much cheered at last by the sight of a primrose, the only familiar thing he had seen for hours—but it whistled and skipped away. He saw the unicorns in their secret valley. Then night in a sinister way slipped over the sky, and there shone not only the stars, but lesser and greater moons, and he heard dragons rattling in the dark.

With dawn there appeared above him among its amazing crags the town of Tong Tong Tarrup, with the light on its frozen stairs, a tiny cluster of houses far up in the sky. He was on steep mountain now; great mists were leaving it slowly, and revealing, as they trailed away, more and more astonishing things. Before the mist had all gone he heard quite near him, on what he had thought was bare mountain, the sound of a heavy galloping on turf. He had come to the plateau of the centaurs. And all at once he saw them in the mist: there they were, the children of fable, five enormous centaurs. Had he paused on account of any astonishment he had not come so far; he strode on over the plateau, and came quite near to the centaurs. It is never the centaurs' wont to notice men; they pawed the ground and shouted to one another in Greek, but they said no word to him. Nevertheless they turned and stared at him when he left them, and when he had crossed the plateau and still went on, all five of them cantered after to the edge of their green land; for above the high green plateau of the centaurs is nothing but naked mountain, and the last green thing that is seen by the mountaineer as he travels to Tong Tong Tarrup is the grass that the centaurs trample. He came into the snow-fields that the mountain wears like a cape, its head being bare above it, and still climbed on. The centaurs watched him with increasing wonder.

Not even fabulous beasts were near him now, nor strange, demoniac trees—nothing but snow and the clean bare crag above it

[Continued on page xii.]

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."



"THE LONG PORTER'S TALE": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER," BY LORD DUNSANY.

"Picture him telling it. An old man, lean and bearded, and almost monstrously long, that lolled in a city's gateway on a crag perhaps ten miles high; the houses for the most part facing earthward lit by the sun and moon and the constellations we know,

but one house on the pinnacle looking over the edge of the world and lit by the glimmer of those unearthly spaces where one long evening wears away the stars; never a street in the city, only a multitude of wayward stairs."

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

SYMPATHY!



THE READER: And a norful great lion came and etted up the p-poor little P-prince.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



ON THE LINKS



"A FEMININE JOHN GRAHAM": THE GREATEST LADY GOLFER COMES INTO HER OWN.

Miss Cecil Leitch,
Champion.

Miss Cecil Leitch—as I verily believe, the most brilliant of girl golfers of this or any preceding age—has, we are glad to say, lost her similarity to a player whom most of us have considered to be one of the very greatest amateur golfers we have known, and I think, at the stroke-

play game, the greatest of all. Miss Leitch is the better for having lost it, and I should be a most happy contemplator of all things in golf, should begin to think that Destiny in this world does the right thing at the end, if within a very few days of my writing now Mr. John Graham of Hoylake would lose his similarity with his old self also. For it was to Mr. John Graham that, a little while back, I was led to liken Miss Cecil Leitch, and some others then took up the comparison, which did seem to be apposite and to suit the case very well indeed. It was meant as a compliment—with regrets. I think that for the three years past Miss Cecil Leitch has been the best lady golfer alive, and the one most worthy of championship. Yet season after season she was beaten in the big event; at

the temperament, that was wrong. She cannot have failed to know that she was better than all the others—much better. But there she was, missing the championship year after year. It was bad luck, developing into a custom. She will certainly win many more championships now that she has broken the spell. Nothing can stop her. It seems to me that she belongs to a little group of only five who have been the very greatest lady golfers, in a class apart. Those five—giving the other four their maiden names in which they won their distinctions, for they are all married now—are Lady Margaret Scott, Miss Rhona Adair, Miss May Hezlet, Miss Dorothy Campbell, and now Miss Leitch. I think nearly everybody will agree with me upon this selection. Our new champion is certainly much superior to either of the two Irish players or Miss Campbell in style, and, I think, in general quality of game.

Old Champions and the New.

It is often said that Lady Margaret Scott had by far the best style of any lady golfer—something most beautiful to see and remember always. Men and women of the game talk and rave about it now. I never saw the lady play at the time of her championships, though I have had glimpses of her at the game since then. Like all members of her distinguished golfing family, she has a splendid golfing manner, but time never does any harm to good reputations like this, and when people tell us now—as I remark upon the smoothness and fullness, the accuracy and the power of the new champion's style, the grace of it all, and the man's way with the woman's delicacy—that we ought to have seen the first lady champion at the game, we rebel against this special appreciation of the past at the expense of the present. We say flatly we are certain the new champion is better in style and general golfing quality than any other lady who has played the game. That is one reason why all are glad she won at Hunstanton the other day, and made her victory decisive by beating her greatest rival in the final, and another strong favourite in the semi-final—ex-champions both of them. Of course, the final at St. Anne's last year was a double-round business. It is a significant fact, which those who set store by omens may have noted, that that Miss Leitch won her championship, Sandwich won the St. George's Cup, the preliminary to the championship itself.

HENRY LEACH.



DEFEATER OF MR. "CHICK" EVANS:
MR. C. B. MACFARLANE.

Mr. C. B. Macfarlane, of Bushey Hall, who beat Mr. "Chick" Evans by 4 and 2, was semi-finalist in the Amateur Championship of 1912, and runner-up for the French Championship of the same year. On the day of Mr. Macfarlane's victory over Mr. Evans, Captain C. K. Hutchison beat Mr. H. Weber by 6 and 4. Thus all chance of an American carrying the title across the Atlantic vanished.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Turnberry we saw her go down to her greatest rival, Miss Ravenscroft, in the semi-final, and last year Miss Teacher had her in the very first round. It was then that we began to think that, with all her splendid skill, and the style which for finish and cleanness has never been equalled by any lady player, she was fast developing into a feminine Jack Graham, and would have to get herself out of that state quickly if she was to be saved in the championship sense. There has never been a case in which a player was so much above nearly all the rest as to mark him out for championships and to be so utterly denied, and one so well worthy of the honour for all his other qualities. Think of it—he has been in the semi-final of the Amateur Championship five times, and never once in the final. I know we have said that this Hoylake golfer has faults of temperament, and that he fears his fate. Perhaps so; but there is such a thing as one's fate getting too much on the strongest of nerves. Fate has tossed Mr. Graham about far too much, and I believe the disposition of the whole world of golf would be to light bonfires for joy on the evening of a day that he won the Amateur Championship. So that is how we feared it was getting with Miss Leitch.

The Super- Champions.

Now Miss Leitch has won. But in all that time of waiting, when her friends wondered and when her temperament began to be strongly suspected, there was the hope being deferred that does make the heart sick, and perhaps it was that, and not



DEFEATER OF MR. FRANCIS OUIMET:
MR. H. S. B. TUBBS.

The second sensation of the Amateur Golf Championship was provided when Mr. H. S. B. Tubbs, of Littlestone, beat Mr. Francis Ouimet, the United States Open Champion, by two holes. Mr. Tubbs thus attained the greatest success which has hitherto come to him. He is twenty-seven, and first took up golf when he was six. On the only previous occasion on which he has played in the Championship he was beaten in the third round: this at Hoylake in 1909.

Photograph by Topical.

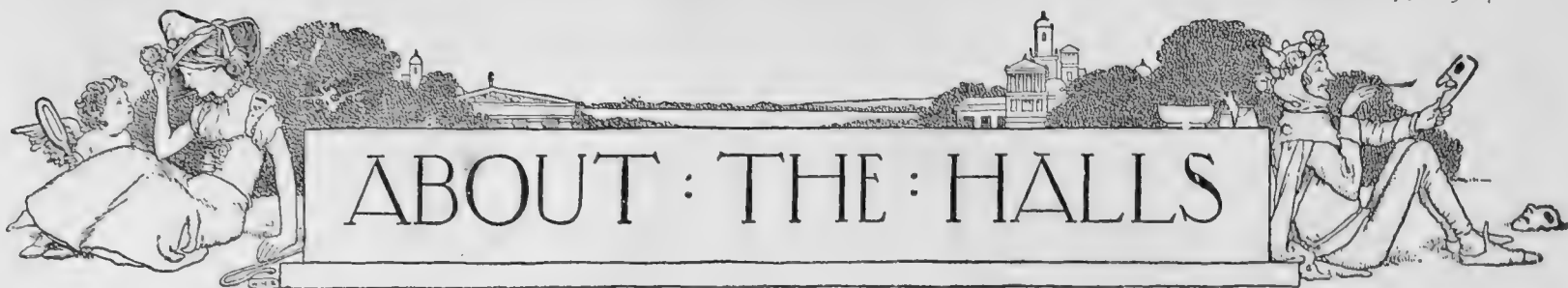
on the same day Mr. Graham at competition that Now—I wonder.



DEFEATER OF MR. JEROME D.
TRAVERS: MR. CHARLES A.
PALMER.

The first sensation of this year's Amateur Golf Championship was provided when Mr. Charles A. Palmer, of Handsworth, beat Mr. Jerome D. Travers, Amateur Champion of the United States, by two holes. Mr. Palmer won the Irish Open Amateur Championship last year, has won the Midland Counties' Championship three times, was runner-up in the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1907, won the Bombay Medal there two years later, and in 1904 reached the semi-final of the Irish Open Championship. Mr. Palmer is fifty-six; Mr. Travers, twenty-seven. The latter had, as it were, a second-hand revenge when Mr. Palmer was defeated by Mr. F. C. Carr.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



"VIVE L'AMOUR!" AT THE MIDDLESEX: JEAN AYLWIN AT THE COLISEUM.

I WAS in a country garden the other day and overheard a village laundry-woman talking to the gardener. Breathlessly she paced along from one subject to another, not one of which had the faintest reference to its neighbour: there was no one topic, indeed, which was even so much as semi-detached. When she had gone, the gardener remarked, half to himself and half to me: "Not a bad bit o' goods as they go; but, Lor', 'ow she do rattle on!" These words of the gardener came back to me at the Middlesex the other evening as the four-and-twenty scenes of Mme. Rasimi's latest revue, "Vive l'Amour!" unfolded themselves to my bewildered but not distressed senses. Not a bad bit of goods as they (revues) go; but, Lor', 'ow it do rattle on! It began very prettily with the wedding of a poor miller's daughter with a rich miller's son—splendid occasion for a whiter wedding than usual!—and then off it went everyhow and everywhere and did everything,

in the perfectly impartial and inconsequential manner of my village laundry-woman's gossip: to the woods of Vincennes, where M. Brouett, of the Folies Bergère, suddenly seized with a tremendous attack of Entente Cordiale, broke out into French-English and sang to his girl that she was his "baby," and played "The Rosary" on a Chirgwin one-stringed 'cello; to the Saumar Cavalry School, where the cavalrymen were very conspicuously and unmistakably cavalrywomen (how the audience tittered at this rather grotesque spectacle!); to a tableau called "The Rinkomanie," where

M. Gayto, though printed in small letters, proved himself a great comedian of the tumble-about sort—a veritable Dan Rolyat on wheels; to a series of tableaux which included the not very exciting picture of the youthful Napoleon meditating deeply in the presence of his *blanchisseuse*; to the gardens of the Tuileries, where in a parade of fashions the effect of transparent gowns was made the more daringly pronounced by a piercing arrangement of stage-lighting; to the castle of the Duc de Morly (of whose existence no one in the audience had previously been aware), where there was a dramatic robbery of jewels; and finally, and by many most unexpected and isolated stages, to a scene entitled "La Légende de la Rose," where Mlles. Darling and Négri, with reputations from the Opéra Comique, Paris, won considerable favour for some very delightful dancing. For what it is, "Vive l'Amour!" is an entertainment which should follow well enough upon the coffee and liqueurs. The dresses are for the most part designed and coloured in admirable taste—a circumstance which makes certain exceptions all the more striking, and, therefore, makes it all the easier for Mme. Rasimi to identify and arrest them.

A "Drunk" Turn and a Pleasant Comedy.

We are always being told by writers comparing the old music-hall with the new that the "hi-tiddley-hi-ti" comedian, with the hiccough and the bashed-in hat, is a thing of the past, and that, were he revived, there would be no audience for him—that is, in a West End theatre of varieties. It is a nice state of things to imagine, is this total eclipse of the "drunk" turn, but it has not really come to pass. Quite a big example has just been added to the programme at the Coliseum in "The Man With No Home," a perfect orgy of alcoholic excess, in which Mr. Fred Wright, the man in question, illustrates intoxication in three of its more or less common phases—the riotous phase, the paralytic phase, and the snoring phase. The middle phase is done, or overdone, by means of the cinematograph, which shows us Mr. Wright, a log of helplessness, being carried into the wrong bedroom (that of a

married lady) by the cabman who thinks he has brought him home. Mr. Wright, who has been away from London for some time, will give us something better than this, no doubt, when he realises where he is. "The Man With No Home" should certainly try the Home for Inebriates, and leave the Coliseum either to such harmless rough-and-tumble fun as one had in the Hicks productions, or to such pleasant comedy as one finds in Mr. Harry Grattan's little Scottish piece, "A Careless Lassie," whose prettiness becomes all the more pretty by contrast with the ugliness of hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hitis. Miss



TO BE BARMAIDS AT THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL AT THE SAVOY: CHARMING LONDON LADIES OF THE CHORUS.

In the back row (from left to right) are the Misses Veda le Grand (Daly's); Peggie Tennyson (Gaiety); Prudence O'Shea (Gaiety); Helen Ray (Adelphi); Flora Allen (Adelphi); Elsie Spencer (Daly's); and Eve Carew (Daly's); in the front row are the Misses Daisy Waller (Gaiety); Yvonne Fitzrow (Gaiety); Rosie Campbell (Adelphi); China Gordon (Daly's); and Kathleen Vincent (Adelphi).

Camera Portraits by Hugh Cecil.

Aylwin, the bonniest thing in bonnie lassies the world of the stage possesses (Harry Lauder has said so, and he ought to know), is so "careless" in Mr. Grattan's wee comedy as not to tell her kirkish parents that when she went away to London and sang at the wicked music-halls, she also married. We are introduced to those parents on a day that they are expecting a visit from their lassie. The father (as in Jerome's new piece at the Haymarket, there are no names mentioned) is not going to be on speaking terms with his adventurous daughter. She had given up £10 a year in the village choir, and she was no longer a child of his. The "mither," of course, is hungry to be the first to forgive (it is always so in fiction, except in "The Vicar of Wakefield"); and then the fine news to both of them! For the man their "careless lassie" had married in London was no other than the Laird to whom the father had been looking for all sorts of lordly favours. So kirk and choir and disobedience are rapidly forgotten—and you can guess the rest. It is charmingly played all round, and Miss Jean Aylwin may be congratulated upon her presence in environment happily congenial to her personal and artistic graces.

ROVER.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

FROM MANXLAND TO THE ALPS: THE T. T. RACE AND THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE COMPETITION.

Tourist Trophy Competitors.

So divers are the motors, in respect of their dimensions, for the cars entered for the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man on June 10 and 11 that the contest will possess an unusual fund of interest from the mechanical point of view. In bore and stroke ratios they vary enormously, although all come, of course, within the permitted maximum of 3310 cubic centimetres. The most normal arrangement, perhaps, if any standard of conventionality can be set up, is the 90 mm. bore by 130 mm. stroke of the Minervas and the Vauxhalls, of which teams of three each will do battle. That there are wide variations, however, from this combination may be seen from the full list as follows, excluding the Adler team, of which particulars are not yet announced, and the other cars already named: Humber, 92 mm. by 156 mm.; Straker-Squire, 93 mm. by 120 mm.; Sunbeam, 81 mm. by 160 mm.; Star, 90 mm. by 129.5 mm.; D.F.P., 70 mm. by 130 mm.; S.A.V.A., 82.95 mm. by 150.48 mm.;

due to carelessness will involve the disqualification of car and driver alike.

The Austrian Alpine Contest.

There will be a serviceable array of British-built cars in the Austrian Alpine competition which is to start from Vienna on June 14, and, after a prodigious tour over a score or so of lofty passes, will draw to a close in the capital on June 23. For a long time Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse's Vauxhall was the only English entry, but an Armstrong - Whitworth and an Austin were then announced as competitors, and now two more English cars have been enrolled. One is a Rolls-Royce, privately entered by Mr. James Radley, who will thus be competing for the third year in succession; and the other is a Wolesley, also privately entered by Sir Everard Duncombe, a Berkshire baronet whom I know to be quite *au fait* with the conditions of Alpine touring by road. I doubt whether the Rolls-Royce firm will be altogether pleased that Mr. Radley has entered a car on his own account, as they hold that they have nothing to gain, after last year's success with their own team, by further participation in this event; but Mr. Radley, if somewhat airy of temperament, is a skilled driver and knows the requirements of the contest better than most men. I saw him driving down Regent Street last week on a brand-new chassis which was probably the one on which he will compete, and by this time he may be tuning up the car on Continental roads. Mr. Waterhouse I know to be already trying his car among the French Alps, and he will shortly be on the way to Vienna by the official route of the Alpine contest. The Stelvio Pass, by the way, has had to be excised from the itinerary, owing to the astonishing refusal of the Swiss authorities to permit the cars to pass through a few miles of their territory, by way of the



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS GIFTS TO BE PRESENTED AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: AN AUTOMATIC TRAFFIC-INDICATOR FOR MOTOR-CARS, OFFERED BY THE GENERAL SUPPLY COMPANY.

The total value of the gifts to be presented at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy in aid of the Institute for the Blind on June 25 amounts to some £2000. Particulars of the presents are given in an article elsewhere, and are also dealt with in "Motley Notes" in this Issue. The Automatic Traffic-Indicator is a new safety-device for motor-cars which is being brought out by the General Supply Company, of 39, St. James's Street, S.W. It costs five guineas.



EAST AFRICAN POTENTATES IN BIRMINGHAM: THREE NOTABILITIES FROM BUGANDA AT THE B.S.A. WORKS.

Three interesting visitors from East Africa were shown round the works of the Birmingham Small Arms Company the other day. From left to right in the photograph their names are: Prince Joseph Musanje Walngembe Cmnlangiou-We-Buganda; Stanislas Mugwanya, Prince Regent and Chief Justice; and Alikisi Sebowa-Pokino, Governor of a Province.

Rawlinson-Hudson, 96 mm. by 114.3 mm.; and Crossley, 91 mm. by 151.8 mm. The largest bore is therefore that of the Rawlinson-Hudson, a fact which is not altogether surprising when its American origin is borne in mind; while the smallest is that of the D.F.P., France's solitary representative. The longest stroke is that of the Sunbeam—a characteristic feature; and the shortest is that of the Rawlinson-Hudson.

Motor v. Driver.

Whichever car wins, its entrants will no doubt essay to prove that their design is the best suited to the purpose. Dimensions will be an important factor; but, unfortunately, it will be difficult to dissociate them wholly from that of driving skill, for on the Isle of Man course the judgment and resourcefulness of the man at the wheel will be tested to the full, and how much credit to ascribe to the car and how much to its handling will be a problem upon which experts may quarrel to their hearts' content. One factor or the other will have to stand out in very conspicuous fashion before it can be declared to be predominant. Meanwhile, it may be mentioned that practice on the course is now authorised, and will be continued until June 9, but must be confined to the early morning hours—between 4.30 a.m. and 7 a.m., to wit. Inspectors of the Royal Automobile Club will be on guard, and any unsafe driver will be ruled out; while any accident



IN THE CAPITAL OF SWEDEN: A FLEET OF TWENTY-FIVE PHANOMOBILES FITTED WITH CONTINENTAL TYRES AT STOCKHOLM.

All the Phanomobiles, cabs, and delivery-vans here shown are fitted with Continental tyres—a fact which indicates their popularity. The photograph was taken on the Gustav Adolf Platz in Stockholm; in the background are the Opera House, Jacob's Kirche, and Handel's Bank.

Umbrail Pass, for a mere two or three hours on one day of the year; and as the competing cars could not otherwise leave the Stelvio summit and get back into Austria, this fine highway has had to be abandoned as part and parcel of this year's contest. The cars will now ascend the Brenner Pass to Sterzing, and from there cross the beautiful Jaufen Pass to Moran.



THAT most cheerful of spectacles—a bunch of laburnum-trees—has been refreshing the inmates of Buckingham Palace. About the gay yellow blossom—the poet's "icicles of fire"—dangling under a dozen windows there hasn't been a shadow of doubt; but as much cannot be said for the alleged nightingale in the same region of the town. Though its voice is supposed to have been heard among the trees behind Marlborough House, it has not yet sung to royalty. It is, seemingly, the only artist indifferent to the honours of a "command."

Her Grace on the Shelf. The Mistress of Robes, or her underling maidens, must be grateful that nightingales, if nightingales there be, rather than starlings have taken up their abode in Palace precincts. Starlings, according to one householder who watched their arrival on her roof earlier in the year with delight, have their disadvantages. In other words, they bring fleas! A guest of the lady, who rejoiced when they nested outside her bedroom windows, is now regaling her friends with an account of the disasters that befell. It was the week of a house-party. "I could not escape them," she recounts; "all the other rooms were occupied. They followed me wherever I went, until I got upon the marble mantelpiece. And there I spent most of the night."

"Uncle Sam" and a Wedding. An Anglo-American wedding, arranged for July 1 at the Brompton Oratory, is that of Miss Hope Warren with Mr. Robert Wilberforce, a great-grandson of William the Emancipator, who refused an Earldom from Pitt. From the Church the family, always a religious one, has accepted more dignities than it refused to receive from the State. The Bridegroom's Uncle Sam (name of happy omen now!) was successively Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. One cousin ruled the see of Newcastle-on-Tyne and then of Chichester, and another is the Archdeacon of Westminster.

But the Roman Church is not left out, for Cardinal Manning was Mr. Robert Wilberforce's uncle, and he has a cousin among Dominican Friars. Miss Hope Warren has her delightful home in New York; and the young people's journey ended in Rome that ended also in lovers meeting.

Her Grace's Saint. It is characteristic of Millicent

Duchess of Sutherland to rescue a deserving saint from obscurity. She has given him a shrine in her newly built St. Serf's House—and, besides, a place in the social calendar. He still, perhaps, needs a little explaining. "Who is he?" is a question the Duchess often has to meet, as if she

had some new poet or musician under her kindly wing. A drawing of the house, designed by Mr. Frank Chesterton (a relative of the great "G. K. C.") is now hanging in the Architectural Room at the Academy. But St. Serf does not get fame that way; it is the room that nobody ever goes into.

At the Lansdowne House Dinner. Mr. F. E. Smith carries his labours lightly; a run of heavy cases in the Courts does not spoil his appetite for society, and a dinner, at Lansdowne House. A hot day of cross-examinations probably leaves somebody rather weary; but by eight o'clock Mr. Smith can turn to a pretty table-neighbour with a "What's the news?" as if he were just arrived from the wilds of Borneo—or Bayswater. But Mr. "Freddie" Smith has even in his work some reasons—including a "refresher" of a hundred a day—for being debonair. He is just now deserving his name of "Fee" Smith with a vengeance.

The Lady of the Midnight Ball. As with the names of Lady Meyer and Lady Speyer, the shy man often hesitates about the exact value of Mrs. Carl Level's first "e." There is, however, one sure way of fixing its pronunciation, and if the thousand-and-one people who seek her counsel about details connected with the Midnight Ball at the Savoy remember to think of her as Mrs. Carlisle they will have solved the difficulty. The genealogists are probably right in regarding the names as identical, and if you spell Carlisle "Carlyle" the derivation can be recognised without the help of the College of Heralds.

Making Strangers. Lady Lovelace's record of three dances in one night, and the hardly less industrious attendances of Lady Kinnoull, of Mrs. Page and Miss Page, and of dozens more, might suggest that

everybody should, by the end of the season, know everybody else in Mayfair. But Sir Philip Burne-Jones, when he makes his modest proposal for an increase of dancing introductions, realises that the same people may meet night after night without knowing each other from Adam or Eve. The same people who know each other meet night after night, but so do the same people who don't know each other, and there is no coolness equal to the coolness of long-established unrecognition. People have a way of becoming fast strangers quite as quickly as they become fast friends. The question whether to introduce or not to introduce has developed into quite a little controversy, and produced a curious crop of conflicting opinions.



DAUGHTER OF KING ALBERT: PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM.
Princess Marie was born at Ostend on Aug. 4, 1906.
Photograph by Boule.



MRS. LAWFORD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO COLONEL S. T. B. LAWFORD TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

The wedding of Mrs. Oswald Watt, of Fulmer Court, Stoke Poges, and Colonel S. T. B. Lawford, commanding the Essex Territorial Infantry Brigade, took place last week.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO BE GIVEN A DANCE ON MAY 28: MISS GLADYS JESSEL. Miss Jessel, daughter of Captain Jessel, M.P. for South St. Pancras, is a debutante of the season. Her mother, who is a daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bt., is giving a dance for her tomorrow.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



MISS EILEEN GOODE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HUGH MOORE HUTCHINSON, D.S.O.

Miss Goode is the younger daughter of Mr. Minton Goode, of 6, Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead. Captain Hutchinson, of the Connaught Rangers, is the son of the late Rev. S. Hutchinson, M.D.

Photograph by Langfieri.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Gambling and Romance.

However much the character of English men and women may soften and change, become more idealistic or pacific, the extraordinary interest in the Derby seems to continue unchanged. Every man, woman, and child not undiluted prigs appear to excite themselves over this classic event, and the allurements and chances of the great Calcutta Sweepstake are feverishly discussed in suburban drawing-rooms months before the great race comes off. I fancy it appeals to the Romanticist that is in all of us, for Mr. Chesterton has defined Romance as that mood which combines to the keenest extent the idea of Danger and the idea of Hope—the idea, in short, of a “fighting chance.” Now without Hope we should never plank down our money for the Calcutta Sweepstake—or, for the matter of that, for any other—yet we are all the while thrillingly aware that we are in danger of losing our hardy earned money. That is why gambling appeals to most persons born under the sun; it gives them a genuine emotion of terror and joy—it satisfies, in short, their feeling for Romance. We English are probably the most sentimental and adventurous people alive, and it was the English who started horse-

racing and have set the fashion for gambling—as witness that most Anglo-Saxon of all our over-seas Dominions, Australia—all over the globe. The interest in the Derby was such that, before the age of Marconi-grams, men landing from long sea-voyages at the end of May were always heard asking, “Who won the Derby?” though thrones might be tottering, Princes exiled, or England herself dragged into dishonour. In the most beautiful time of the year, the white cliffs of England to the returning traveller suggest the Epsom Downs and the great classic race with which no other event can compete in interest or excitement.

The Wreathed Keats.

It is a charming vision which we get of the youthful Keats—aged no more than twenty-one—sitting in Leigh Hunt's dining-room, receiving visitors in a laurel-wreath of his host's bestowing. The two authors were talking over their wine, self-crowned with bays, when other guests arrived. Leigh Hunt, of course, was experienced, even dingy, enough to know better, and he hastily pulled off his poet's coronet; but, boy-like, Keats was already so assured of his immortality and so sublimely indifferent to ridicule that he sate all the time wreathed with the bay. If anecdotal pictures were in fashion, this incident would be priceless for a popular canvas. There is reason to suppose that the intruders on this scene were three pretty sisters, the Misses Reynolds, for the modern Hellenist afterwards wrote them an apologetic sonnet about the matter. He also remembered his manners so far as to write an apology to his especial deity, Apollo, who he imagined might be offended by his youthful

presumption. John Keats made amends at the end of his life by writing his own epitaph, which most of us have read in that corner under the cypresses in Rome, in which he declares that his name is “writ in water.”

The world, however, loves splendour and beauty, and Keats left a legacy of these to his countrymen.

Colours and Moods.

The people to whom certain colours represent sounds or emotions have long been laughed at, but scientific work on the sun's rays is proving them to be on the right track. Red, it appears, is the most stimulating and exciting of all tints, and has a special effect on the activity of the brain. Blue, which so many people, in a *Weltzeit* of great nervous strain and tension, find so soothing, is so in reality. Unless you are in a depressed and melancholy state, sea-blue curtains for your bedroom window have a beneficial effect, especially if you face south and get the morning sun of May. Colour, indeed, especially in flowers, has an extraordinary effect on the mental condition. Personally, I like all flowers except bright yellow ones; while the sight of crimson, pink, and amethyst rhododendrons growing in the open air has a curiously uplifting and joyous effect.

A GIFT TO BE PRESENTED AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A SPORTS COAT BY DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY.

The Sports Coats Department of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of 17-37, Wigmore Street, W., have promised ten gifts for the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on June 25, of a total value of £52 10s. The above coat, in the new bar-check pattern, costs six guineas: silk sashes and waistcoats to match are each two guineas.

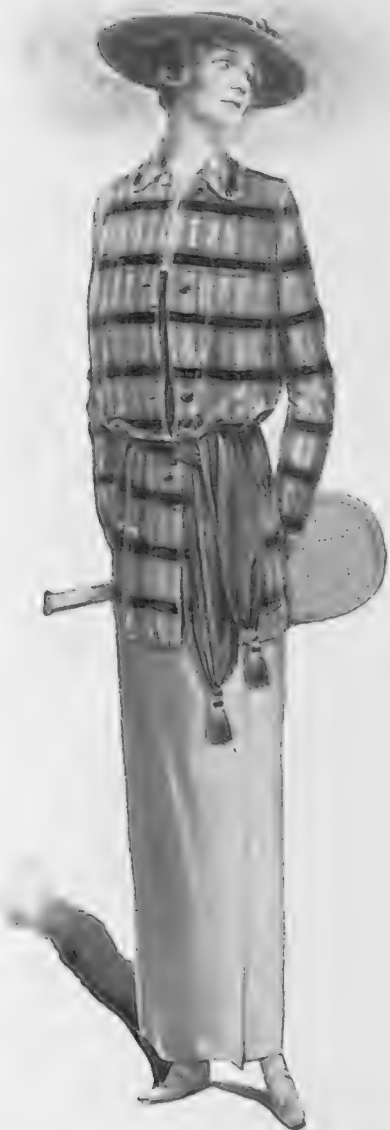
The Most Dangerous Age.

Most observers of the human comedy are aware of the fact that the decade which begins with forty is a perilous one in an amatory sense, and Mr. H. V. Esmond was happily inspired to write a modern comedy of manners around this problem, and put his pretty wife, Miss Eva Moore, in the chief part. Betty has a fine courage of her own, and goes off to London to spend an evening with the youth of her heart before he leaves for Africa. Like the mill-girl in “Hindle Wakes,” she does not look upon this adventure as binding her to life-long companionship—in this case to a penniless young man—and a way out is found by accepting the offer of a tried and trusted adorer, a baronet of middle-age and ample income. This incident is true to modern type, for the man of 1914 much prefers an agreeable and kindly woman—even if she has thrown her cap over the mill—to austere and acid specimens of the sex like the spinster sister in this diverting piece. Moreover, the spinster sister, who has twenty-five thousand pounds a year of income, makes a match for herself—and the scenes in which this modern wooing take place are delicious.

A GIFT TO BE PRESENTED AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A SIX-GUINEA SILK SPORTS COAT BY DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY.

Particulars as to the gifts to be presented at the Midnight Ball in aid of the Institute for the Blind are given in an article on another page, and are also discussed in “Motley Notes.” The above is a sports coat in pure silk, priced at six guineas. It is made in various combinations of colours.

the Misses Reynolds, for the modern Hellenist afterwards wrote them an apologetic sonnet about the matter. He also remembered his manners so far as to write an apology to his especial deity, Apollo, who he imagined might be offended by his youthful



CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 10.

DISMAL DAYS.

THE Stock Exchange has been a most depressing place during the last week. The heat seemed to have made everybody disagreeable, and business has been almost non-existent.

The gold position is causing a little uneasiness, because all the bar gold continues to go abroad, while the reserve stands some two millions lower than a year ago. It is true that a large shipment is expected on Tuesday from the Cape, and that South America continues to export gold to this country, but until it is certain that the Bank will get its fair share the tension will exist.

Then there is Ulster. The scene in the House on Thursday did nothing to encourage belief in a settlement, and until it is possible to see some glimmerings of hope in this direction we can hardly conceive of any revival in Consols or other Home securities. Elsewhere there have been other troubles. Renewed liquidation, in connection with the outside account to which we referred last week, has resulted in low-level records for Grand Trunk stocks, and Argentine Railways have been so depressed that one is inclined to think that the same cause is at work here also. Rubber, Oils, Mines—all have been in the doldrums.

That there are many bargains about no one can dispute, and genuine investors who are lucky enough to have money in the bank can pick up some sound stocks at prices which will handsomely repay them later on. On the other hand, it would be folly to encourage speculation of any kind at the moment. Differences have a nasty habit of turning out larger than expected, and the possibility of having to realise investments in order to meet them should be sufficient to deter even the most foolhardy.

Sit tight, do nothing, and hope for better days.

DORADA EXTENSION RAILWAY.

The payment of only 4 per cent. for 1913 on the Ordinary shares of the Columbian Railway was rather disappointing, as it had been confidently expected that 5 per cent. would be forthcoming.

The report, however, makes a very good showing, the gross revenue being £13,960 higher than during the previous twelvemonth, while working expenses rose by only £3463. The result of the year's working was: gross receipts, £103,000, and working expenses, £38,100. After deducting Debenture interest, various duties, and other items, there was a balance to the credit of net revenue of £40,508. The dividend of 4 per cent. absorbs only £14,000, so it is perfectly clear that the directors cannot be accused of dividing up to the hilt, and no less than £24,000 goes to the reserve fund, bringing the total up to £50,600. The report explains this heavy allocation to be due to the fact that the definite survey has shown it advisable to prolong the Ropeway about five miles further than was anticipated. Everything, however, goes to confirm the opinion that this Company's interest in the Ropeway Company will prove profitable, besides being the means of acquiring increased goods traffic.

Nothing, apparently, has been definitely decided about the extension to Giradot.

Traffic returns for the first four months of the current year amounted to £28,400, as compared with £30,800 in 1913, but the decrease is mainly due to difficulties of navigation caused by an earlier drought than usual.

The shares now stand at 6, and thus offer a substantial return, while they should before very long be pretty certain to receive a larger proportion of the Company's net revenue in the form of dividends.

WEST INDIA AND PANAMA TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The shares of this Company have always been affected by the belief that sooner or later, probably when the Panama Canal is completed, the United States Government would acquire a controlling interest. We certainly looked upon this as being more than probable, in spite of the directors' persistent denials, but the report for the half-year ending Dec. 31, which has just been issued, puts rather a different complexion on affairs. This Company's exclusive right to land cables in Porto Rico expired in February 1912, but it was thought that the United States Government would renew it. It now appears, however, that not only has this been definitely refused, but a competitor—the Compagnie Française des Câbles Télégraphiques—has been already permitted to land its cable in Porto Rico. It is difficult to imagine that the Government at Washington would encourage a rival if it seriously contemplated acquiring an interest in this Company.

Apart from this point, however, we imagine the opening of the Panama Canal will certainly bring increased business, and the results of last year's working are quite encouraging. Gross revenue increased from £38,500 to £38,700, but expenses were about £1200 higher at £25,630. The Ordinary shares, which are now quoted at 2½, get their usual dividend of 1s. for the half-year, and £1900 is carried forward.

We imagine there will be little difficulty in maintaining the present rate of distribution.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

The Esperanza Company is getting to the end of its tether. The report a year ago was far from encouraging, and the one just issued shows a further shrinkage in both profits and estimated value of ores. The San Rafael vein has failed to produce any development of importance during the last two years, while other portions of the mine are also disappointing. The value of cash and estimated future profits fails to justify even the current price of 15s. for the shares, and we see no reason why they should be held.

Brunner Mond is one of the greatest of our English Industrials, and although the results for the year ended March 31 are hardly up to those of last year, a net profit of £767,300 is quite good enough. The Ordinary shares receive 27½ per cent, for the sixth year in succession, and although nothing is placed to reserve, £110,900 is carried forward. The information conveyed in the report is meagre, and it would be interesting to see a list of the investments held. At all events, both Preference and Ordinary are excellent commercial investments, and we do not think the competition of the Lake Magadi Soda Company will be a serious factor for some time. Big dogs don't fight each other if they can avoid it!

A week ago we stated that a cable was expected at any moment announcing that Well No. 1 on the Spies Company's Baskakoff plot had started to produce oil in large quantities. This was very quickly confirmed, and the well is now producing an enormous amount of oil per diem. The shares look a very fair speculation.

The report of Van den Berghs, the great margarine-manufacturer, is better than was anticipated in view of the high prices which have ruled for raw materials. The gross profits came out at £337,200, against £345,375 for 1912; the dividend remains unaltered at 25 per cent. The reserve fund is brought up to £328,700 by the addition of £17,300, but goodwill still stands untouched at £656,500. Until this item is reduced we hesitate to advise the Ordinary shares.

We are very pleased to see that the Council of Foreign Bondholders are again making a vigorous protest against the continued default of certain States of the American Union. As we have pointed out before, there can be no two opinions about the liability of these States. If the support of the New York Stock Exchange can be obtained by the Council, we think Georgia and Mississippi will both have considerable difficulty in raising the new loans which they require.

Arrangements have been made by the Boards of the P. and O. and British India Steamship Company for an exchange of stocks and what practically amounts to a fusion of the two concerns. The terms, as far as can be seen at present, appear equitable, and we have little doubt that the shareholders of both Companies will benefit from the closer working arrangements.

The issue of important amounts of capital by two Home Railways within a few days of each other is quite an unusual event. The London, Chatham, and Dover follow the usual method in issuing their 4 per cent. Debenture stock; but the London and North-Western are inviting tenders from the holders of certain stock for 4 per cent. Preference (1902) at a minimum price of 98. Curiously enough, the amount to be issued is not stated, but as the Company has power to issue over £2,500,000, we imagine there will be enough to go round.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Here's a chance for you, my boy," said the senior partner as he opened one of his letters; "a philanthropist called Parker will pay you a shilling a week as interest on every pound you send him."

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes—"

"Listen to him," gurgled the Rubber Expert, "and it's nearly a year since he left school. Ye gods and little fishes—"

"Translation, please," demanded someone, and the clerk, feeling rather crestfallen, admitted that what he meant was: "Always look a gift horse in the mouth."

"That's what somebody said about synthetic rubber at 6d. per lb., wasn't it?" inquired the senior partner.

"I don't know what to think about it," admitted the Rubber Expert musingly; "here's a sample—I can't tell it from rubber, and a chemist who tried for a fortnight couldn't find any difference!"

"And this from artichokes," murmured the clerk as he prodded the sample.

"Flax, I believe; but somehow I'm not convinced. Surely there must be some chemical difference between synthetic and natural, even if it's in favour of the former."

"It's helped the bears, whatever else it's done."

"Exactly so," agreed the Rubber Expert.

"The Yankee Market is rather duller than most, if that's possible," remarked the senior partner, whose forte is changing the conversation.

"Business is rotten in the States."

"And the Railways are making the most of it," declared the clerk; "cutting down orders for rolling stock, and everything else, and generally assuming a poverty-stricken appearance."

[Continued on page 256.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Presents and Prizes. We are all grown-up children, and set a store by presents and prizes far above their intrinsic value. Yet to our practical side—and all of us Anglo-Saxons and Normans have it—good value has its fascination also. It is therefore good news that Mappin and Webb, a firm with a world-wide reputation more precious than rubies, are receiving orders by the hundred at all their well-known establishments—158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 220, Regent Street—for prizes for golf, tennis, croquet, and polo at various great and little contests through the season now upon us. There is among private promoters of tournaments—nowadays a very favourite form of week-end and holiday entertaining—a feeling in favour of useful prizes. A perfect reproduction of an old gravy Argyll, with a stroup and hot-water jacket, is one excellent thing which can be had either in silver or in Prince's Plate, the best substitute for it. There are some beautiful entrée-dishes too, with handles at either end instead of at the top, which are in much favour. A feature about all these table equipments in silver and in Prince's Plate is that they are made *en suite*. There are beautiful little condiment services, and there are most graceful and up-to-date flower-holders. Then there are cake-stands and bonbon-stands which are just the things for tennis and garden parties. No presents will ever be more gratefully received than sets of cutlery and spoons and forks for twelve people, packed in spaced baize-covered spaces, and on a Chippendale table which is ornamental and useful in any dining-room. This costs only £28. There are many variations of this same kind of gift, as well in form as in numbers and price. Another of the firm's specialties attracting attention for presents and prizes is a collection of genuine old Sheffield plate, and remarkable reproductions of some of the finest old pieces. A prize or a present marked "Mappin and Webb" is always shown to friends with the pleasant assurance that they will know it is the best of its kind.

Ladders That Do Not Lead to Fame.

A ladder for which none of us have any use is one in our silk stockings, which coverings in these days of short skirts are considerably in evidence. Nevertheless, if precautions are not taken, these ladders are often with us; they are caused by the strain of our stocking-suspenders. The one and only effective precaution is to buy Gotham Gold Stripe Suspender-proof Silk Stockings. There is a woven gold stripe round the stocking just below the specially woven double top, and this stops all ladders running down the leg, should any appear. Each pair is guaranteed suspender-proof; as the prices are 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. a pair, they are within the reach of all, and they can be obtained from all leading drapers; and are in black and all colours; while special shades can be dyed in forty-eight hours. Only we must remember to ask for double G and Four S when we want this satisfactory hosiery.

The Woman at Her Best.

It is every woman's duty, as it should also be her pleasure, to make the best of herself. No undue expenditure



ONE OF THE GIFTS TO BE PRESENTED AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A £50 PEARL-AND-DIAMOND PENDANT WITH BOW TOP AND FESTOONS OF DIAMOND CHAINS AND CLUSTER.

This beautiful pendant, given by Messrs. Carrington and Co., is one of the numerous presents to be distributed among the guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy Hotel on June 25 in aid of the Institute for the Blind. The total value of the gifts from various British firms will be about £2000. Particulars are given in an article in this Number.



AMONG THE £2000 WORTH OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A CHIPPENDALE TABLE-CABINET VALUED AT £52 10s., GIVEN BY MESSRS ELKINGTON AND CO.

This cabinet is made in polished mahogany from a fine antique model, and has a patent lift-up top which can be raised and lowered without removing articles upon it. The cabinet is lined with grey cloth, and contains a complete service of small plate and cutlery, including fish and dessert eaters, and numbering over fifteen dozen pieces. The spoons, forks, etc., are of the famous Elkington plate. The design is French and the pattern (except the cutlery) from the new "Piastre" model.

of time and thought is necessary to this end. "Find the best means to the end and use them" is the whole science of it. The Ileita Company have found the best means. The Hop and Rosemary Hair Tonic, discovered and made by Mrs. Cullen, the well-known hair specialist, is now made for this company, and sold at their establishment, 14, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W., in bottles at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. It is a wonderful preparation to remove dandruff, correct acid, and render the scalp healthy, and so to allow the hair to grow naturally in a strong and lustrous way. A thickening which forms at the roots and chokes the nutriment is also got rid of by this invaluable preparation. All girls between twelve and seventeen should use this fine tonic. Ileita Cream, for use after motoring, on the river, riding, driving, or playing games, is splendid, and is a most helpful thing to the complexion put on at night and washed off in the morning with Ileita soap and warm water. It will remove all surface skin troubles; and Ileita face-powder is a real protection, and is made in shades to match the tints of the skin.

Damask a Shamrock, Not a Rose.

The name came, in the early days of the twelfth century, from Damascus, famed for silk with an ornamental design. It is now more known in connection with beautiful table-linen produced in such perfection in Belfast, the seat of the linen industry of the British Isles, where the wonderful firm of Robinson and Cleaver hails from. Most of the crowned heads of Europe eat their dinners, breakfasts, and luncheons from tables covered by cloths supplied by this famous firm; as pre-eminent now, owing to the sterling quality of its output, all the world over as any manufacturing firm can be.

What Tales They Could Tell.

There are at Garrard's beautiful show-rooms, 24, Albemarle Street, some unique pieces of old silver which will give the connoisseur rare delight, and the ordinary visitor no small pleasure. They are in a collection of old plate comprising pieces of early German, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish workmanship. It is, however, our own old silver that is likely most closely to interest our own people—a mazer of Henry VIII. which has in it a silver disc of worked silver on which is emblazoned a pomegranate, connecting it personally with King Hal. The gilt rim mount is plain, with moulded borders and scalloped edging, the bowl of maple, and the date 1527. A pair of very massive and beautiful wine-flacons, silver-gilt, and in a graceful and exquisitely worked shell and fish design, are of 1597. What scenes they have taken a part in—what they could tell us of the great ladies and brave gentles of the days of good Queen Bess! There are bell-salts, trencher-salts, beakers, chalices, sweet-dishes, cups and covers, porringers, tankards, rose-bowls and jugs, potato-rings, goblets, all kinds of lovely pieces of old silver which are most fascinating to see and interesting to think about. A feature of them is the wonderful state of preservation of the workmanship and of the marks. Those who care for old England and her history and her art should not fail to visit the premises of the Crown jewellers to see them.

Continued from page 254.]

"Because?"

"They want to impress the Commission with the necessity for raising freight-rates——"

"H'm," said the Rubber Expert; "at that rate some of them ought to be worth picking up and putting away. I rather fancy Eric Prefs——"

"Perfectly sound; and Union Pacifics are a good buy, too, if you can take 'em up."

"Which are the better?" inquired the senior partner—"Unions or Can. Pacs?"

"Comparisons are odious," replied the clerk, rather obviously avoiding a definite answer; "but if you want three jolly good Railway stocks, buy Unions, Canpacs, and Great Western Ordinary, and then one day you'll be able to call yourself a clever man."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Rubber Expert, in alarm; "we don't want two people in the office doing that——"

"Perhaps you'll have grown out of it by then," laughed the clerk; "but, hello, here's Harry. Harry, have you got any tin?"

The newcomer fished about in his pocket for half-a-crown until the others burst out laughing.

"Harry, my boy," said the senior partner, "he's pulling your leg. What we want is news of the Tin Market."

"The rainy season's coming along now, so the returns ought to look up in June, and then we may get a move in the markets."

"Give it a name——"

"Well, I don't mind—I mean to say, I think Bisichis, Keffis, or Bauchi Prefs. are worth considering."

"What about South Bukeru?" inquired the Rubber Expert.

"There's something rather mysterious about that Company. They're getting along a'l right with the new property, but they never do a thing on the original area. If I were a shareholder, I should seek to know the reason why—and who was responsible for the first report."

"I still believe Renongs are better than any Nigerians," declared the clerk. "And you'll see them over three again before——"

"I'm much more interested in Railway stock and investments than in gambling counters," interrupted the senior partner, "so I wish——"

"What did you draw in the sweep?" inquired the clerk, with his accustomed tact.

The senior partner only frowned (because he'd got two blanks), but the Rubber Expert, who was wearing green socks and a tie which beggared description, began to lament loudly the decease of a well-beloved aunt.

"And the interment," interrupted the clerk; "will, I suppose, take place at Epsom on Wednesday?"

"What else do you know about it?" asked the bereaved Expert.

"Oh, I don't ken any more," chuckled the clerk, and then fled for his life.

Saturday, May 23, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. O. S.—The dividend will be declared about the middle of July, and we expect about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The shares are rather speculative, but have fair prospects.

DAN.—(1) Hopeless. If you can sell, do so at any price; (2) 21s. 6d.; (3) The profits depend upon the price of the metal, which looks like going lower.

BUTTE.—When the Mexican output is resumed it must, of course, ease the market; but we do not think this is likely to occur for a long time—certainly not this year—so it does not affect the immediate prospects.

SIMPLETON (Jersey).—Many thanks for your kind letter. If ever we are in your country, we'll roll up.

WESTERN.—Your letter arrived too late for us to make all the inquiries we should like, so we will reply next week; but the present is certainly not the time to sell any Rubber shares.

At the second annual general meeting of shareholders of the London, Singapore, and Java Bank, Ltd., Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray, Chairman, presiding, congratulated the shareholders upon a dividend of 6 per cent. for the year, free of income-tax, and stated that in the second year of the Bank's working a net profit equal to 10 per cent. on the paid-up capital had been earned, which afforded proof that the establishment of a bank dealing specially with planting interests in the East supplied a need of an important section of the community. The Chairman announced a large increase, both in the deposits and the advances, and said that during the past year the amount standing to the credit of customers' current accounts had nearly doubled. He further announced the intention of opening a branch in Singapore, and adding to their agencies in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and a resolution for increasing the capital of the Bank to £300,000 was agreed to. The election of Mr. H. R. Savory as a director, in place of Mr. Charles H. Stuart, who is compelled by failing health to relinquish his position on the Board, was proposed by the Chairman, and the motion, seconded by Mr. R. Eden Richardson, was agreed to.

Your Holidays

.. AT THE .. SPAS OF CENTRAL WALES



View from the Alpine Bridge, Llandrindod.



River Irfon, Llangammarch.

PARTICULARS of the countless attractions for Visitors presented by this charming district, as well as the Spa waters, are contained in a FREE Booklet entitled "The SPAS of CENTRAL WALES," which may be obtained at any L. & N. W. Station or Town Office. A copy will be sent on receipt of postage, 1d., by the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

"RUN-ABOUT" Tickets are issued at CHEAP RATES to enable Visitors to see the whole extent of the Central Wales Country.

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This is the mixture which the appreciative smoker never tires of ; it is fragrant as fresh flowers, full of the true sunshine, cool as the spring breeze.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, Glasgow.

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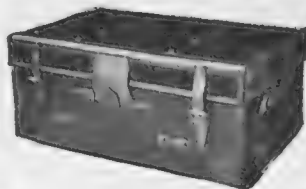
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Genuine flax fibre foundation covered rot-proof canvas (green or brown), two double-action locks, dark polished hoops all round, eight stout capped corners, leather sliding handles, good lining, solid bottom tray. Prices are little more than are charged for the ordinary three-ply trunk, to which these are far superior, and will last at least four times as long.



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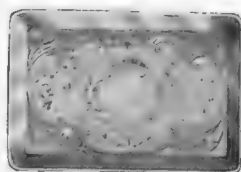


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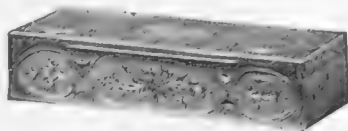


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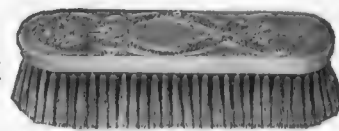


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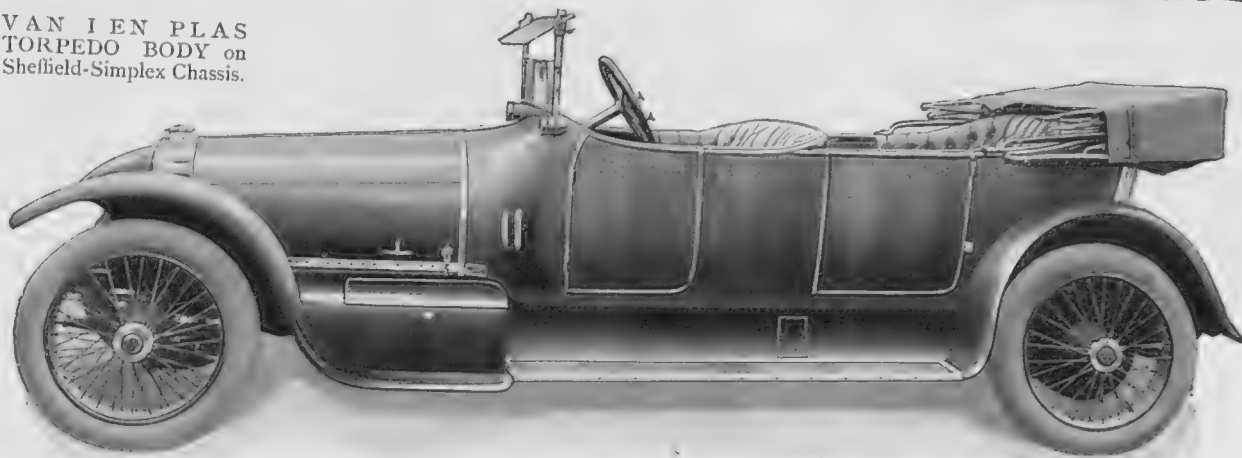


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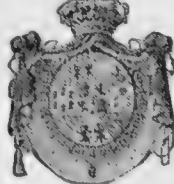
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This has been evidenced by the fact that every woman who has once tried the now world-famous “Cyclax” Preparations never wants to use any others. “I am true to my first love,” writes one woman, who began using “Cyclax” Skin Food twenty years ago. “My skin is as fresh and fair-looking as it was when I was a girl, and I therefore never feel tempted to experiment with other advertised preparations.” The great charm of the “Cyclax” specialities lies, in fact, in this particular direction. *They keep the skin fresh, fair, and young-looking.* They preserve its purity of colouring and keep lines and wrinkles at bay. Mrs. Hemming, the great Beauty Specialist, who brought these wonderful toilet productions before the public in the 'eighties, is, herself, an evidence of their extraordinary qualities, as she possesses a skin and complexion which a girl of sixteen might envy. And she not only still sends the “Cyclax” Preparations all over the world, but applies them, every day, at 58, South Molton Street, London, W., where she has a staff of lady experts, personally trained by herself, to give treatments of the face, neck, arms, and shoulders by her own special and unique methods.

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The most wonderful preparation of modern times. This unique Skin Food possesses marvellous nutritive power. It feeds the subcutaneous tissues, cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh and entirely eradicates lines and wrinkles. No woman who values her beauty can afford to do without Cyclax Skin Food. Price 4/- and 7/6.

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“I really am longing and longing for it to arrive. I have never used anything that has been so beneficial to my skin as your Skin Food.”

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“Am delighted with the Bloom of Nature Powder, and would be glad of another box.”

The “Cyclax” Co., 58, South Molton St., London, W.

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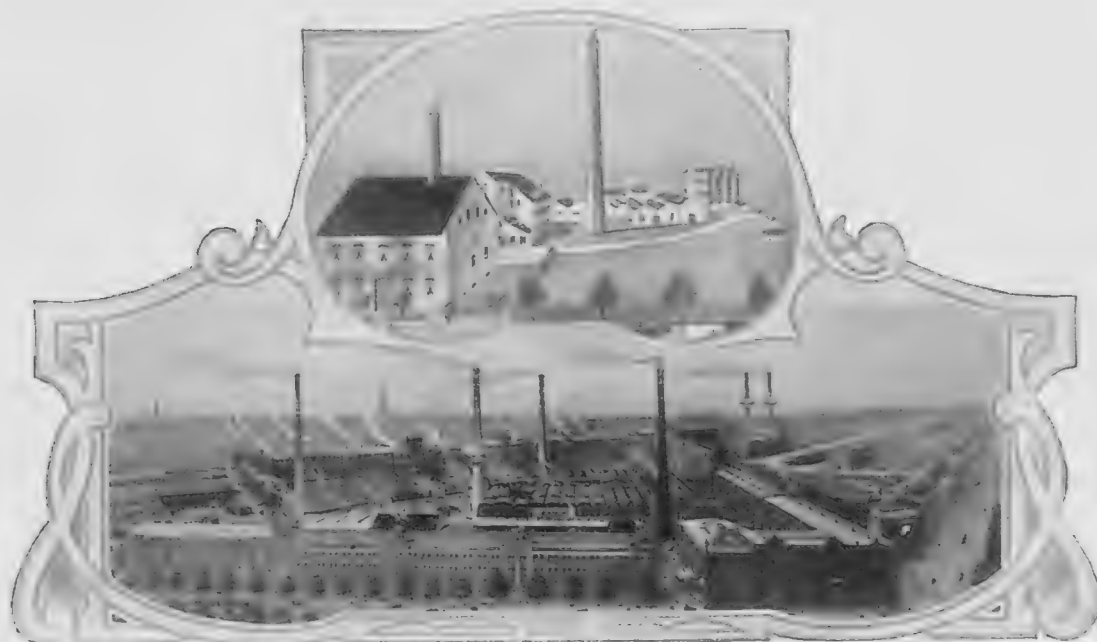
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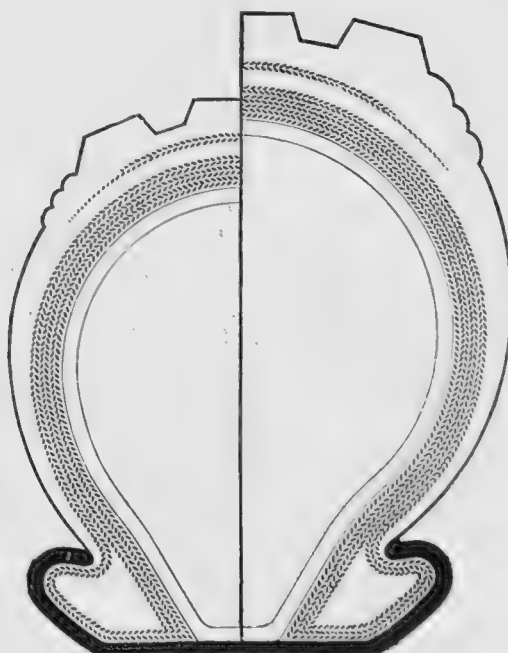
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AT THE SHRINE OF HYGEIA.

FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

OF course, they are almost convertible terms, for Health has its own incontestable sphere of enjoyment, while the complementary statement is one of the baldest truisms of life. But the Shrine of Hygeia—where is it? *Quot homines tot sententiae*. There are so many answers to the question, and—how fortunate it is!—many of them do not err. Still, I have in my mind's eye a shrine consecrated in a spot which is almost ideal for the purpose—where the Goddess of Health, in a very lavish manner, has made for herself "a local habitation and a name"; and the people that dwell in the land, with a fine prudence and rare discrimination, have given of their best to the cult of a beneficent divinity.

If you want to get there with a minimum of trouble and the maximum of ease you take your seat in the London and North-Western train that, say, leaves Euston a little after one o'clock in the afternoon. You may lunch in the train with as much satisfaction as in a well-conducted restaurant while you are being comfortably taken on your way through—an Englishman may say it—the loveliest country in the world. You arrive at the Shrine of Hygeia in excellent time to get ready for dinner, the journey from London taking a trifle over five hours. From the North, the Midlands, and the South the way has likewise been made easy, for the railway company now runs "through carriages" from almost every populous centre to Llandrindod Wells, which, quite deservedly, is described, in the advertisements, as a rising and fashionable Spa. Of course, the Shrine of Hygeia is there all through the year, and the healing waters flow at every season. Still, the wise pilgrims do not journey thither until the beginning of April; but thence onward until, say, the end of October you find Health and Pleasure dwelling together in Llandrindod Wells just as the wise man of yore found Wisdom and Prudence consorting together.

It is really no exaggeration to say that you feel yourself under the sway of the Spirit of the place almost from the moment you quit your railway compartment. It is "in the air"—in a literal sense. Authorities are beginning to realise the value of high places: their stimulation and their bracing effects. The subject has just recently attracted the particular attention of the latest of the penny daily newspapers, which has revealed to its readers the statements, amongst others, that Hampstead Heath, 450 feet above sea-level, "may be taken to possess a health value nearly equal to that of Royat in Auvergne," and generally that "the Scottish and Welsh Highlands might, if they were properly opened up, provide an unrivalled pair of lungs for jaded England." The "opening up" has been most effectively performed in the case of Llandrindod Wells. It is a delightful little town with a normal population of about three thousand, but the municipal enterprise could really not have been greater or more prudently directed had the community been ten times larger. It has beautiful streets, with well-kept and tasteful buildings; there is not "a slum" in the whole place, and not a single "black spot." The pilgrim to this Shrine of Hygeia finds that the "opening up" has left no scar on the face of Nature. And the height is at least 700 feet above the level of the sea. You stand on almost a level plateau which overlooks the Valleys of the Wye and Ithon, and you search in vain for any disfigurement of the wide expanse of landscape or any forces likely to interfere with the purity of the place. For Llandrindod Wells is remarkably isolated from the populous districts of England and Wales. It is a strikingly beautiful panorama that greets your gaze at every turn. The western breezes that have shed so much of their vapour on the Breconshire hills come straight from the Atlantic forty miles away without any contact with a single town. No wonder the pilgrims to this shrine speak of the wonders wrought by its vitalising air.

But here, as everywhere, "the play's the thing," and here the "play" is the serious business of catching Health. Always a believer in the virtue of this Shrine of Hygeia, I was made steadfast in the faith by the emphatic declaration of an eminent authority that you may go a long way further and fare much worse. It was a very trying and exhausting speech—especially to the audience—but he was a very great savant, and commanded a respectful hearing.

Still, it was a relief to find him, at last, stating the heart of the mystery in understandable language. And of Llandrindod Wells he said: "Continental health resorts have nothing better to offer"—and what more need be said? Llandrindod Wells has the great advantage of being served by a number of medical practitioners who have made a specialty of what is, I think, called "Spa Treatment." I turn to their "considered statement" for my "learning" on this point. For what diseases and morbid conditions may an invalid go to Llandrindod with hope of at least as good results as he can obtain elsewhere? That is the question that the doctors answer thus: Practically for all morbid conditions which depend on imperfect elimination of waste-products or on defective oxidation—that is, all the diseases of metabolism, as gout in its many forms, glycosuria, obesity, neuritis, "rheumatism" and the various forms of chronic arthritis, most dyspeptic conditions, and toxæmia. Among the conditions described as toxæmic must be included arteriosclerosis in its earlier stages. In chronic skin diseases, especially psoriasis and eczema, associated with disordered metabolism, the internal and external application of the sulphur waters is found to be very useful. Lastly, those do well who are suffering from anæmia, neurasthenia, or debility, whether due to acute illness, overwork, or residence in hot and unhealthy climates.

The waters at Llandrindod are to be classed as muriated, and include sulphuretted salines and chalybeates. Their most marked characteristic, and one which they have in common, is a low mineral-

ization, the mixed salts varying from 1.8 to 6.2 per 1000. The sodium chloride, as in most saline waters, predominates, though in one or two springs there is a fair proportion of the chlorides of calcium and magnesium. The natural sulphur-water is used for immersion baths, and for the various douches (including Needle and Scotch). At the High Street and Rock Park Baths there is an excellent equipment for giving douche massage (both Aix and Vichy), and for treatment on the Nauheim and Plombières principles. The various heat, light, and electric baths and liver packs are given. The Tyrnauer apparatus for the application of local heat, so useful in the treatment of diseases of joints and the various forms of neuritis, is probably the best



A VIEW OF ROCK PARK SPA AND BATHS.

in England. A Bergonié apparatus for treatment of obesity has also been installed. The attendants are carefully selected, and include a large number of fully trained English and Swedish masseurs and masseuses. I come back to the statement of the learned lecturer already referred to: Continental Health Resorts have nothing better to offer.

It may here be well to add that the little town of Llandrindod Wells is almost entirely devoted to the service of Hygeia, and the pilgrim has the offer of a wide range of hospitality. As you stand on the magnificently open common, right in front of you, with its western end facing the valley of the Wye, is the Montpellier Hotel, an unlicensed house replete with every modern equipment, which may serve as a sample. It is "on the spot" for the baths, the pump-rooms, and the golf links, and is "in touch" with the requirements of the most exacting guest. At a house like this they make a point of catering for those who are on special diet, and at the Montpellier they provide all sorts of indoor and outdoor amusements and recreation. There are tennis and croquet lawns, a billiard-table, an electric lift, and a score of other "attractions" that make for comfort and a "good time" in keeping with its "holiday and health" environment. If you prefer a licensed establishment, just glance at the Rock Park Hotel as it nestles in a picturesque nook of its own, overhanging the Ithon River as it passes through the Rock Park grounds. 'Tis just a "picture" of an hotel, with its home-farm, its extensive gardens, and its lovely "landscape" garden through which you pass on the way to "the waters" of healing. The visitor who stays here has also the privilege of fishing in well-stocked private waters; while the house combines a sort of old-world air with all the equipment of a modern house of entertainment. At such houses as the Rock Park Hotel (with its license) or the Montpellier Hotel (without its license) you will pass your time at the Shrine of Hygeia in the full assurance that your comfort will be the first care of your host.

D. W.

Continued.]

on which was Tong Tong Tarrup. All day he climbed, and evening found him above the snow-line; and soon he came to the stairway cut in the rock and in sight of that grizzled man, the long porter of Tong Tong Tarrup, sitting mumbling amazing memories to himself and expecting in vain from the stranger a gift of bash.

It seems that as soon as the stranger arrived at the bastion gateway, tired though he was, he demanded lodgings at once that commanded a good view of the Edge of the World. But the long porter, that grizzled man, disappointed of his bash, demanded the stranger's story to add to his memories before he would show him the way. And this is the story, if the long porter has told me the truth and if his memory is still what it was. And when the story was told, that grizzled man arose, and, dangling his musical keys, went up through door after door and by many stairs, and led the stranger to the topmost house, the highest roof in the world, and in its parlour showed him the parlour window. There the tired stranger sat down in a chair and gazed out of the window sheer over the Edge of the World. The window was shut, and in its glittering panes the twilight of World's Edge blazed and danced, partly like glow-worm's lamps and partly like the sea; it went by rippling, full of wonderful moons. But the traveller did not look at the wonderful moons. For from the abyss there grew with their roots in far constellations a row of hollyhocks, and amongst them a small green garden quivered and trembled as scenes tremble in water; higher up, ling in bloom was floating upon the twilight, more and more floated up till all the twilight was purple; the little green garden low down was hung in the midst of it. And the garden down below, and the ling all round it, seemed all to be trembling and drifting on a song. For the twilight was full of a song that sang and rang along the edges of the World, and the green garden and the ling seemed to flicker and ripple with it as the song rose and fell, and an old woman was singing it down in the garden. A bumble-bee sailed across from over the Edge of the World. And the song that was lapping there against the coasts of the World, and to which the stars were dancing, was the same that he had heard the old woman sing long since down in the valley in the midst of the Northern moor.

But that grizzled man, the long porter, would not let the stranger stay, because he brought him no bash, and impatiently he shouldered him away, himself not troubling to glance through the World's outermost window, for the lands that Time afflicts and the spaces that Time knows not are all one to that grizzled man, and the bash that he eats more profoundly astounds his mind than anything man can show him either in the World we know or over the Edge. And,

bitterly protesting, the traveller went back and down again to the World.

Accustomed as I am to the incredible from knowing the Edge of the World, the story presents difficulties to me. Yet it may be that the devastation wrought by Time is merely local, and that outside the scope of his destruction old songs are still being sung by those that we deem dead. I try to hope so. And yet the more I investigate the story that the long porter told me in the town of Tong Tong Tarrup the more plausible the alternative theory appears—that that grizzled man is a liar.

MEMORIES OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

"The Valley of Shadows."

By FRANCIS GRIERSON.

(The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Grierson evokes the memory of a national temperament deeply stirred to civil war in his "Valley of Shadows" here reprinted. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the founding of the Republican party, and the great religious revivals were an illumination, an inspiration, and a divine sign towards the great thing that America had to do. Through several chapters of delightful reminiscence, Mr. Grierson creates the atmosphere of the Log House where the simple piety of his mother reigned and ordered things. The settlers on Illinois prairies—the heart of Lincoln's country—live and talk again as once in the late 'fifties, suggesting a nation's mood in their terse, characteristic speech, a free blend of wit and religion. The tragic state of the bondman and bondwoman flickers across the pages with the horror of flight and famine in its train. Heroic days are recalled of which Lincoln is the super-hero; and Mr. Grierson's imagination, like Whitman's, is aflame to the magnetic splendour of his personality—"the strangest, the most original known to the English-speaking world since Robert Burns." (Mr. Grierson, though born in England, is of Scotch blood.) "Like some solitary pine on a lonely summit, very tall, very dark, very gaunt, and very rugged," powerful with a natural magic, the homeliest of men. It is a great and a worthy portrait. Mr. Grierson's art is equal to what occasion he will, for impressive as the Lincoln picture is, there are others in this book which will haunt the memory unawares. One is the interior of the Log House on certain evenings when "my father would sit before the big open fireplace and watch with unalloyed satisfaction the burning logs. He would see pictures in the blazing wood, and he had a science of his own in the mingling of different logs." On such evenings, as father taught sons to see castles and faces in the flames and embers, the beauty which informs this book was born.

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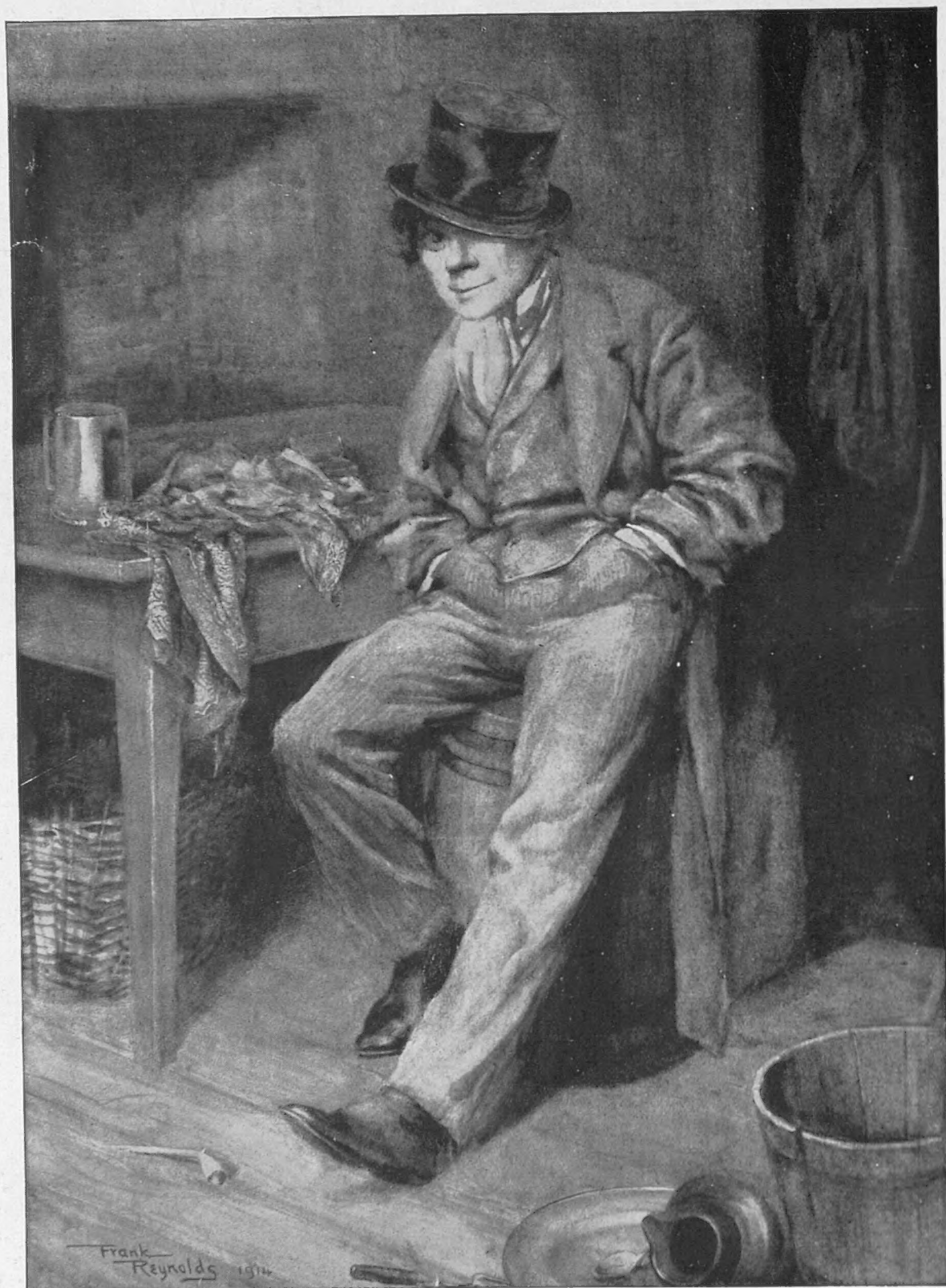
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